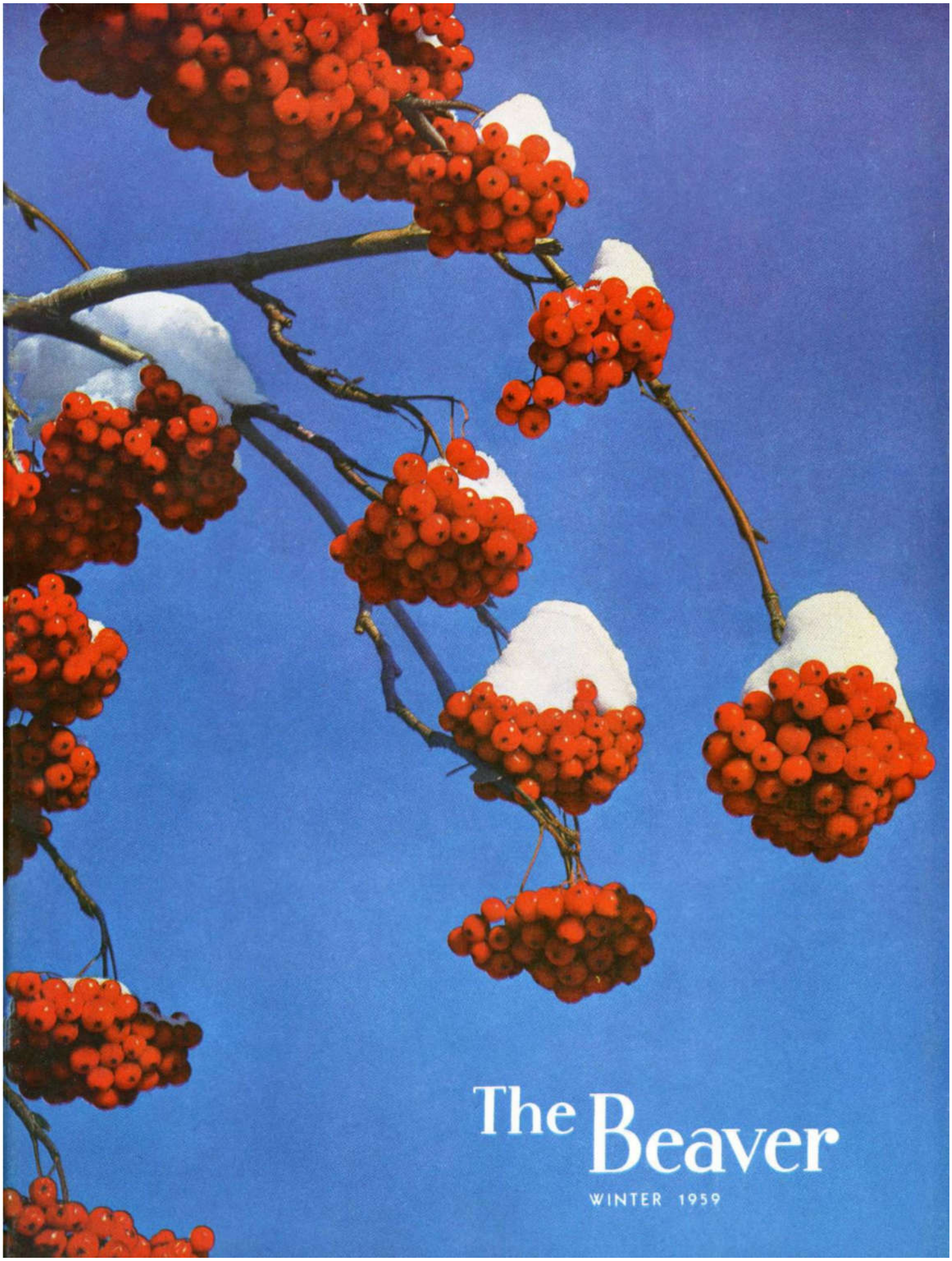


The Beaver

WINTER 1959

The Chipewyans were each spring the victims of
snow-blindness until the Company brought
and succeeded in popularizing their present ugly but
effectual and universal peaked hats. When their
train-dogs were running down in physique, the
Company brought in a strain of pure Huskies or Eskimo.

from THE ARCTIC PRAIRIES *by Ernest Thompson Seton*

Hudson's Bay Company.

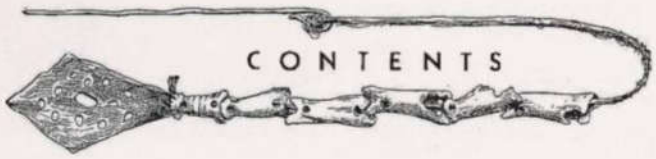
INCORPORATED 2ND MAY 1670

The Beaver

MAGAZINE OF THE NORTH

Editor: Malvina Bolus

WINTER 1959
OUTFIT 290
$2 A YEAR



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Rowan berries or mountain ash. Colour photograph by Malak.

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A MINISTER TAKES

BY R. C. RUSSELL

UNTIL the transcontinental line of the Canadian Pacific Railway was built across the Canadian Prairies during the years 1881-83 the only well-travelled route by land from Winnipeg to Edmonton was the Carlton Trail. This historic old cart-trail started out from Fort Garry along what is now Portage Avenue in Winnipeg, and in its 900-mile course it passed through Portage la Prairie, Minnedosa, Shoal Lake, Fort Ellice, Touchwood Hills, Humboldt, Batoche, Duck Lake, Fort Carlton, Fort Pitt, and the Methodist Mission of Victoria, which was on the North Saskatchewan River about seventy miles below Edmonton.

All sorts and conditions of people travelled over this trail during its forty-year existence. They included fur-traders, explorers, missionaries, miners (headed for the gold fields of the Cariboo District in British Columbia), freighters (carrying supplies for the Hudson's Bay Company's posts, Indian Missions, and agricultural settlements along the route), Mounted Police, land surveyors, ranchers, settlers, and even tourists. The main vehicle used on the trail was the Red River cart, but buckboards made their appearance on it about 1868 and, during its later years, heavy wagons were employed to some extent.

Branch trails connected other places, such as Fort Pelly, Fort Qu'Appelle, Prince Albert, and Battleford, with the Carlton Trail. After Battleford was established in 1875, much of the traffic turned off on the newer Humboldt to Battleford Trail or turned south at Fort Carlton and followed the right bank of the North Saskatchewan River around the Elbow of that stream to Battleford, instead of crossing the river at Fort Carlton and proceeding straight west. From Battleford one trail led to Edmonton by way of Fort Pitt and an alternative route passed near the present sites of Lloydminster and Vegreville and crossed the North Saskatchewan River at Fort Saskatchewan.

Such were the main trails when late in August 1881 an energetic young Presbyterian minister arrived in Winnipeg. He had just come from Ontario but had spent the previous year studying theology at universities in Glasgow and Edinburgh, Scotland, and in Leipsic, Germany. His name was Andrew Browning Baird and he had recently been chosen by the Presbyterian Church in Canada to go as a pioneer missionary to Edmonton in the North West Territories. The call had come to him in May of that year, while he was studying in Leipsic. Wishing to ascertain where Edmonton was, he had hunted up an atlas of North America and had been astonished to find that the region in which Edmonton should have appeared was marked "unexplored territory"!

Returning to Canada during the summer, Mr. Baird was ordained in the church at his native town, Motherwell, Ontario. Shortly after this he left for Winnipeg, eager to undertake his new mission. Here he spent some time as a guest of Professor Thomas Hart of Manitoba College, and his wife, while he completed preparations for the journey across the prairies. As the season for such travel was getting late, he was unable to find a companion to take the journey with him, so the newcomer undertook the nine-hundred-mile trip by himself.

The Rev. Andrew Baird's "outfit" consisted of a horse, which rejoiced in the name of Shaganappi, a buckboard (a crude sort of buggy with little or no springs to absorb the jolting at the rough spots along the trail), a single harness and tethering rope for the horse, a tent, a blanket, and a buffalo robe, a few cooking utensils and some bacon, hard tack and other provisions.

Travelling alone most of the way, Mr. Baird's journey over the Carlton Trail was an eventful one and he encountered many interesting people. First of all he met the Rev. Hugh McKellar who was stationed at that time at High Bluff near Portage la Prairie. This gentleman had already served as a missionary in the Indian Mission at Prince Albert, from 1874 to 1876, taking charge of that mission after its founder, the Rev. James Nisbet, was

A buckboard in the 1870s, the kind of vehicle in which the minister made his journey. *Public Archives*

THE CARLTON TRAIL

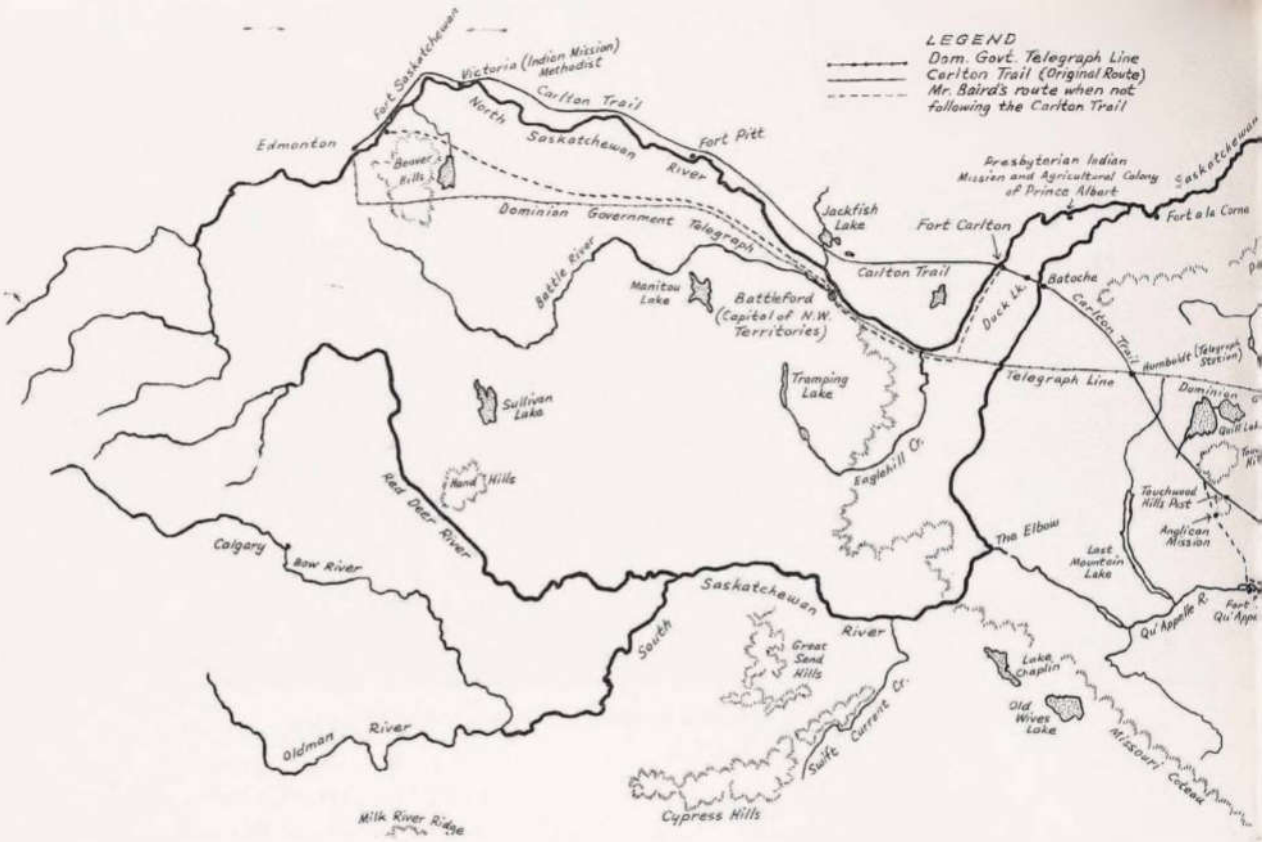
Mr. Russell, whose work is scientific research with the Canada Agricultural Research Station in Saskatchewan, has made a profound study of the Carlton Trail and published a book about it.

retired. In 1881 the Rev. Hugh McKellar was ministering to a congregation in a comparatively well-settled part of Manitoba. We have no details of the first meeting of these two pioneer ministers, but probably the elder man had a lot of useful information to give his young colleague concerning the people and conditions in the new land.

From Portage la Prairie the young missionary proceeded by the northern branch of the Carlton Trail. At Minnedosa he visited the Rev. James Robertson, Supervisor of Missions for the Presbyterian Church in the west. After more than a week's travel he crossed the bridge over the Assiniboine River and climbed the steep road to Fort Ellice which stood on a plateau about three miles south of the junction of the Assiniboine and Qu'Appelle Rivers. Mr. Baird carried a letter of introduction from the Rev. James Robertson, to Archibald McDonald, the factor at the Hudson's Bay Company post, but this was not necessary to secure an enthusiastic welcome from the factor and his good wife. It was Saturday night and Mr. McDonald extended a cordial invitation to his young guest to stay over Sunday. "It is time out of mind," he said, "since we have had a religious service and now that we have a resident clergyman we will have two services tomorrow."

At Fort Ellice Mr. Baird met several other interesting individuals. These included W. F. King, a land surveyor for the Dominion Government and a former university acquaintance of Mr. Baird's, John Calder, the clerk of the fort, and Major Boulton, of Russell, Manitoba, who was electioneering at the time as a candidate for a seat in the legislature of the province of Manitoba. His sparsely inhabited constituency had just been formed along the western border of the only Prairie Province then in existence. Major Boulton subsequently organized and led "Boulton's Mounted Infantry" during the disturbances of 1885, known as the Saskatchewan Rebellion.

A long and pleasant evening was spent with Mr. Baird's new acquaintances. In his own words, "We sat around the open fire that Saturday evening, the blaze from the dry poplar logs flaming up the wide chimney, and we talked and talked. When the evening was over, Mrs. McDonald, tallow candle in hand, escorted me to my room. She stopped impressively at the door and said, 'The last man who slept in that bed was the Marquis of Lorne'. The Marquis was then the Governor-General of Canada, and had signalized his term of office by visiting Manitoba, penetrating to the Western Plains and shooting a buffalo."



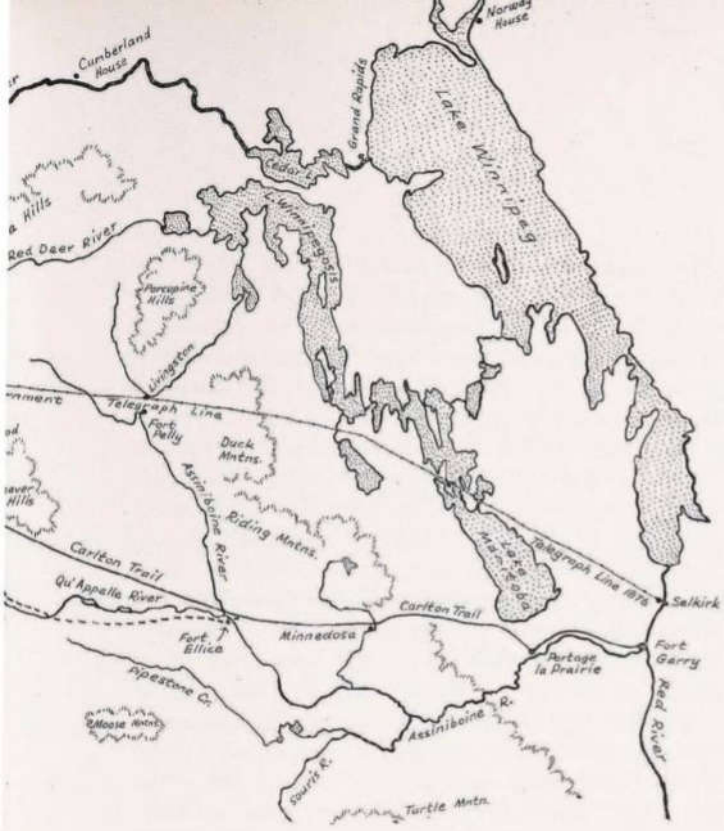
The next day, Sunday, September 18th, the young minister held two services in a house beside the fort. His congregations consisted of the people of the fort, a few settlers from the surrounding district, and a number of Indians who were camping nearby.

Bright and early Monday morning our traveller set out for Fort Qu'Appelle, on the trail that led along the south side of the Qu'Appelle Valley, just far enough back from its southern rim to avoid most of the sharp ravines that lead into the valley every few miles. He had company for a time, as the mailman and a young storekeeper named Fish, who was going to Prince Albert, were travelling the same way. Everything went as planned the first day and the young minister spent his first night under canvas and slept soundly. His brief entry in his diary for that day runs: "Started off with Mr. Fish and the mail—got on swimmingly. My first day of real life on the plains." The pun comes as a distinct surprise from a staid young cleric.

At the end of the second day, while going down a steep hill, one of the wheels of Mr. Baird's buckboard got badly

The factor's house at Fort Ellice.

Metis, with their Red River carts, camped on the prairie.



"dished" and in addition the front axle was bent. So the next morning the damaged wheel was patched up with sticks extending from rim to rim and, leaving his heavy trunk behind to take some of the strain off the damaged wheel and axle, he set out for the blacksmith's shop at Fort Qu'Appelle, a distance of about sixty miles, to have his vehicle repaired. Regarding this stage of his journey he says, "With my lightened buckboard I was able still to drive fast enough to keep up with the teams and that night, after crossing the Qu'Appelle by a ford, we stayed in the house of a Scotch half-breed named Roderick Ross. By special permission we were allowed to bring in our buffalo robes and blankets and sleep on the floor. I never before ate anything like the things I got that time but I have not room to tell you about it now."

On Thursday they continued their journey along the valley and arrived at Fort Qu'Appelle about two o'clock in the afternoon. The place then consisted of the Hudson's Bay post, the Mounted Police barracks, a store, and three houses occupied by the Indian Agent, the Commander in charge of the Mounted Police, and a married member of the Force. The policeman who usually did the blacksmithing around the place was ill and could not attend to the ailing buckboard, but a good-natured Scotsman, by the name of James Sutherland, who was also saddler to the Force, straightened the bent axle. However, the dished wheel could not be properly repaired and was left to function in its patched-up condition throughout the rest of the trip.

The young missionary now returned alone for his trunk and other baggage. On Friday evening he had the good fortune to fall in with a couple of land seekers, by the name of Holmes and Mickle, with whom he camped for the night. The next day he recovered his trunk and returned as far as the Qu'Appelle River crossing, northwest of where Summerberry now stands. In crossing the river the following morning he had to take his buckboard apart and ferry it and his baggage over in instalments on a raft. When he

Some of the log buildings of Fort Carlton in 1871.

undertook to get his horse across he nearly lost her in the muddy-bottomed river. Finally he arrived back at Fort Qu'Appelle where he spent the evening with Mr. W. J. McLean, the man in charge of the Hudson's Bay post.

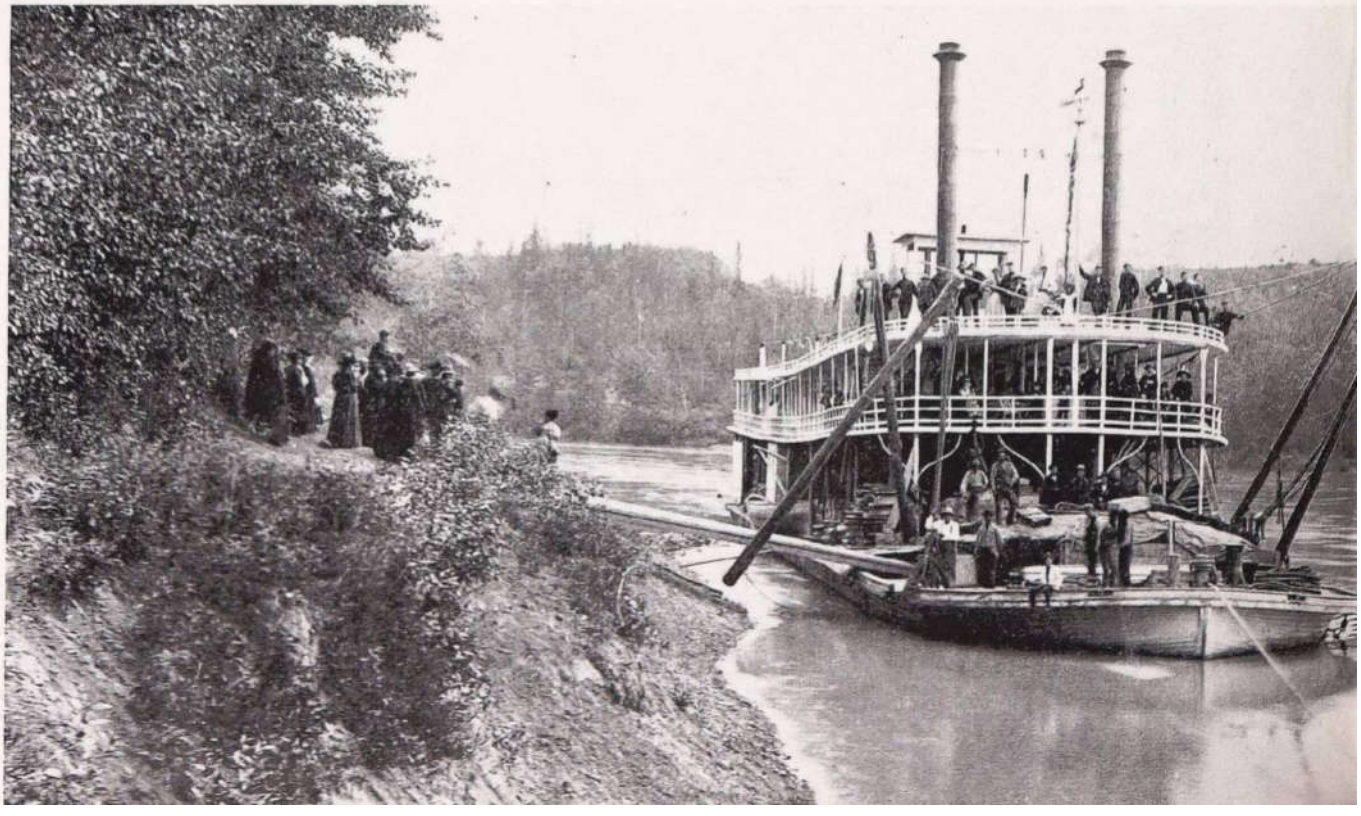
Monday was spent in getting the bent axle fixed more securely, laying in additional supplies, and giving Shaganappi her Sabbath rest which she had missed the previous day. She also received a second-hand oilcloth cover, as a present from James Sutherland, to protect her from cold winds and rain. On Tuesday morning Mr. Baird left for the Touchwood Hills in company with several teamsters who were making the fifty-mile journey to secure poplar building logs to be used in constructing an addition to the police barracks at Fort Qu'Appelle. As they left the valley a flurry of snow served warning that the Western winter was approaching. They took the left branch of the Touchwood Trail that passed to the west of the Little Touchwood Hills. At the end of the first day he and the teamsters camped a few miles short of the Anglican Mission on the Gordon Indian Reserve.

The next morning Mr. Baird said good-bye to his teamster friends and proceeded alone. In the evening he was pleased to find the land seekers, Holmes and Mickle, camped beside the trail on the edge of the Quill Plains. They were now on their way to Prince Albert. However, the young minister did not spend a very comfortable night for he unsuspectingly took a drink of alkaline water and it made him rather ill. It rained all night, and next day's trip across the saline plain was not a pleasant experience. Once his companions' wagon got stuck in a mud-hole and they had to jump out into the cold mud and water, unload their baggage and carry it to firm ground, hitch their ponies to the end of the wagon tongue and heave on the wheels with their shoulders to get the heavy vehicle out of the hole. However, they crossed the saline plain, which he states was twenty-three miles wide, and travelled another five miles before camping for the night.

It was still drizzling when they awoke on Friday morning but Mr. Baird decided to push on and leave the others to follow at their leisure. About the middle of the afternoon he arrived at Humboldt, a telegraph station on the long line from Selkirk to Edmonton. His brief visit with the Weldons who were in charge of this station, was one of the bright spots of the journey. He writes, "The people here—Presbyterians from the North of Ireland—were very glad to see me. The lady of the house—telegraph operator—baked a couple of big bannocks for me to take with me, when they found that I was out of bread, and I was invited to stay for tea which was got ready in the middle of the afternoon." This is but another tribute, that has come down to us, to the hospitality of George Weldon and his wife. Unfortunately, the weather was not in such a hospitable mood. Soon after Mr. Baird left Humboldt it commenced to rain again, and in the morning the whole countryside was covered with a blanket of snow an inch and a half thick. Shaganappi was glad of her oilcloth blanket that morning! This was the first day of October.

Crossing the South Saskatchewan River by Batoche's Ferry, Mr. Baird reached Duck Lake on Sunday. He was able to find stable room for his horse and he made camp in time to enjoy a good Sabbath rest. Here he met Father Andre, the local Roman Catholic priest.

The "North West," one of the steamers plying the Saskatchewan in the 80s when Gov. Laird was on the river, moored at Edmonton.



Two incidents of special interest occurred during Mr. Baird's two-day stop at Duck Lake. He went to Stobart and Eden's store and wrote a long letter to his sister, Jeannie, at home in Ontario. It is from a copy of this letter that much of the detail concerning this trip has been derived. Included in the letter is the following description of his daily routine: "I am sure that you would like to have a description of a specimen day's camping just to let you see how I get along. Well, I usually get up about 5.30, put on the few clothes that I have taken off the night before—these frosty nights I don't take off many—rush out and feed my horse her oats—come back and get a cold breakfast, usually bread and butter with syrup or anything that is left over from the night before (when I am alone I never light a fire in the morning), roll up my tent and bedding, pack my buckboard, harness my horse, and start. I drive usually till about 12, then take an hour and a half for dinner. If the weather is good I sometimes kindle a fire but not usually. My dinner will then be canned beef or salmon, bread and perhaps canned tomatoes or apples. In the evening my cooking talent is to be seen. After my horse is picketed, the fire is kindled and while it is burning up, the tent is pitched—not a very easy thing at first to do alone but I can manage it nicely now—indeed, I can grease my buckboard now almost as quickly as with somebody to help me. Then as soon as the fire is hot I have the water ready and make my tea or porridge or fry my bacon as the case may be. Some of these days I am going to try to make bannocks and some other devices in the way of higher cooking but the trouble now is that I have not time. Before the cooking and the supper are half over—for they often go on at the same time—it is quite dark, and by the fitful light from the dying embers of my fire I spread my blankets and turn in. I have a bit of candle but it is only now and then that I light it—when I want to read a little, for instance."

The other item of interest was the threshing of a fresh supply of oats for his horse. A field of oats nearby was in stook but none of it had been threshed, so the young minister obtained permission to thresh out a bushel or two to take with him. In order to do this he took his oil-cloth horse-cover to the field and laid it on the ground for a threshing floor. Then laying the sheaves on the horse-cover he beat out the grain with a stick. Evidently from the wording of his description of the chore, he considered it a rather undignified task for an ordained minister!

On Tuesday Mr. Baird travelled on to Fort Carlton and then turned south on an old buffalo-hunting trail that led past the Elbow of the North Saskatchewan River and out on the plains along the Eagle Hill Creek. At this period it seems to have been customary to take the round-about route up the right bank of the River from Fort Carlton to Battleford rather than to ferry across it and take the shorter direct route past Redberry Lake. It was on this particular portion of his long trail that tragedy struck with shocking suddeness. His energetic and faithful Shaganappi, who could travel 40 miles a day with ease, was allowed to eat too many of the incompletely matured oats, which her master had laboriously procured for her at Duck Lake, and she took colic and died. This necessitated a return to Fort Carlton on foot, followed by a drive back to Duck Lake with John Daniel to obtain another horse. Here Mr.

Ernest Brown Coll. Alberta Govt.

A branch trail south of Battleford, connecting with the Carlton Trail. 1889. *Geological Survey*

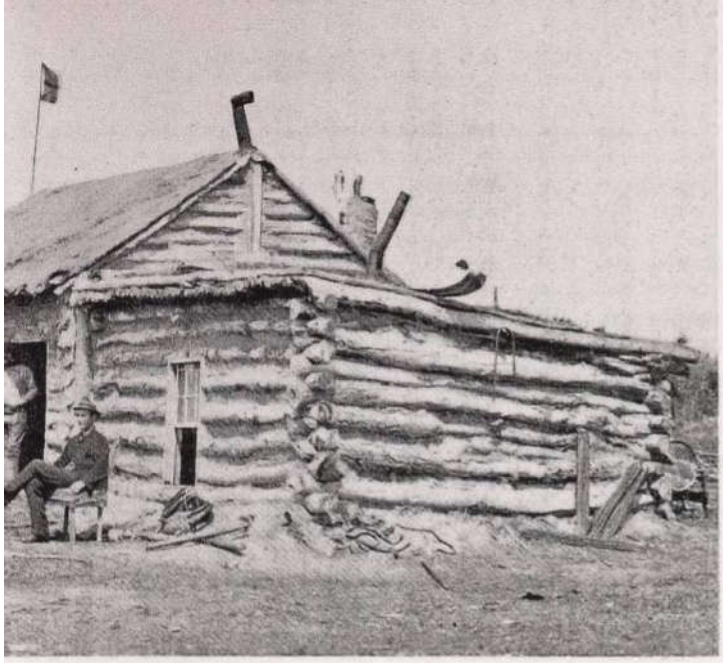
The first Presbyterian Church in Edmonton, built by the Rev. Andrew Baird in 1882 at what is now 99th Avenue and 104th Street. *Ernest Brown Coll. Alberta Govt.*

Baird purchased an Indian pony from Stobart and Eden for seventy-five dollars. The purchase had to be made on time, for the young minister was not provided with sufficient funds to meet such a large and unexpected expense and still remain solvent for the balance of the trip. The little cayuse had not the strength and vigour of the late lamented Shaganappi, and our traveller found that he could make better progress if he walked or trotted alongside his pony. Consequently most of the remaining 400 miles of his journey was made on foot. That evening Mr. Baird returned to Fort Carlton with his new horse and spent the night at the Fort.

The river steamer *Lily* stopped at Fort Carlton the next day on its way from Battleford to Prince Albert. Lieut. Governor Laird was a passenger on the boat and Mr. Baird had a very pleasant visit with him. He learned that the Lieutenant-Governor was an ardent Presbyterian from Prince Edward Island and that he was very much interested in learning Hebrew, so that he could read the Bible in what he considered to be the original tongue. Here for a time, and later at home in Battleford, His Excellency obtained some coaching in that language from the young university graduate. In spite of this interesting interlude Mr. Baird did not forget that he still had four hundred miles to go, so he set off again before evening and camped that night at Six Mile Creek.

The next day Mr. Baird had an exasperating and exhausting adventure with his new horse. At noon, when he took the animal to water he found the margin of the slough very muddy so he threw the tethering rope over the pony's back and allowed him to wade in and help himself to a drink. When the pony came out of the slough he eluded his master and made a dash for freedom. For hours the worried traveller pursued the skittish creature. Every time he attempted to approach the brute it would trot away for a short distance and then start feeding on the prairie grass again when it felt safely out of reach. Once, during the early part of the chase, Mr. Baird succeeded in seizing the long tethering rope, but the horse kicked up its heels and dashed away, pulling the rope through the man's hand so fast that it burnt the skin off his palm. The wound healed in time but it left a scar on his hand for the rest of his life. However, Mr. Baird's ancestors were stout-hearted countrymen of Robert the Bruce, so he never stopped trying. The pony was faster than his master but not half as determined. Finally perseverance was rewarded and the beast was recaptured. Then a new problem presented itself. Mr. Baird's vest had been shed during the chase and now this garment had to be found. Not that the vest itself was indispensable, but the owner's good watch was in it and he could not face the prospect of travelling on without it. The search for the garment took another hour or two but at last it was found, camp was broken, the refractory pony was hitched to the buckboard, and the exhausted young man continued on his way, thankful that he was not obliged to walk back to Fort Carlton again for another horse. The exertion would have been bad enough but the ignominy would have been ten times worse.

After some disagreeable travel on a wet and slippery trail, Mr. Baird reached Battleford about mid-afternoon on Tuesday, October 11th. Here he was hospitably received by the Rev. T. A. Clarke, a missionary to the Indians in the neighbourhood. At this time Battleford was the capital of the North West Territories. As the weather remained cold and stormy for several days, Mr. Baird remained here for nearly a week to await milder weather and dry roads. During his stay he obtained a much needed rest and spent



The original Humboldt telegraph station, in 1885. Public Archives

a leisurely period reading, visiting new acquaintances and teaching Hebrew to the Lieutenant-Governor. Among the people of note in the little town he met Lieut. Col. Herchmer and Capt. Antrobus of the North West Mounted Police, William McKay of the Hudson's Bay Company, and Mr. Laurie, the editor of the *Saskatchewan Herald*. True to form, his pony broke loose and got away for a time, but was recovered by Johnnie Saskatchewan, a local celebrity of mixed blood.

Finally, on October 18th, our traveller set out again, this time in company with Mr. Charles Whitford, whom he described as a very pleasant travelling companion. By this time the leaves had fallen and there was a decided chill in the air even in the daytime and at night a fringe of ice formed around the sloughs. The travellers took the direct route west, which ran north of Beaverhill Lake and crossed the River at Fort Saskatchewan. A few days later a party including the Rev. Henry Steinhauer, a Methodist missionary from Whitefish Lake, caught up to them and travelled with them for the next two days. At the end of that time Messrs. Whitford and Steinhauer turned off on another trail leading northward to their mission and Mr. Baird pursued his journey alone.

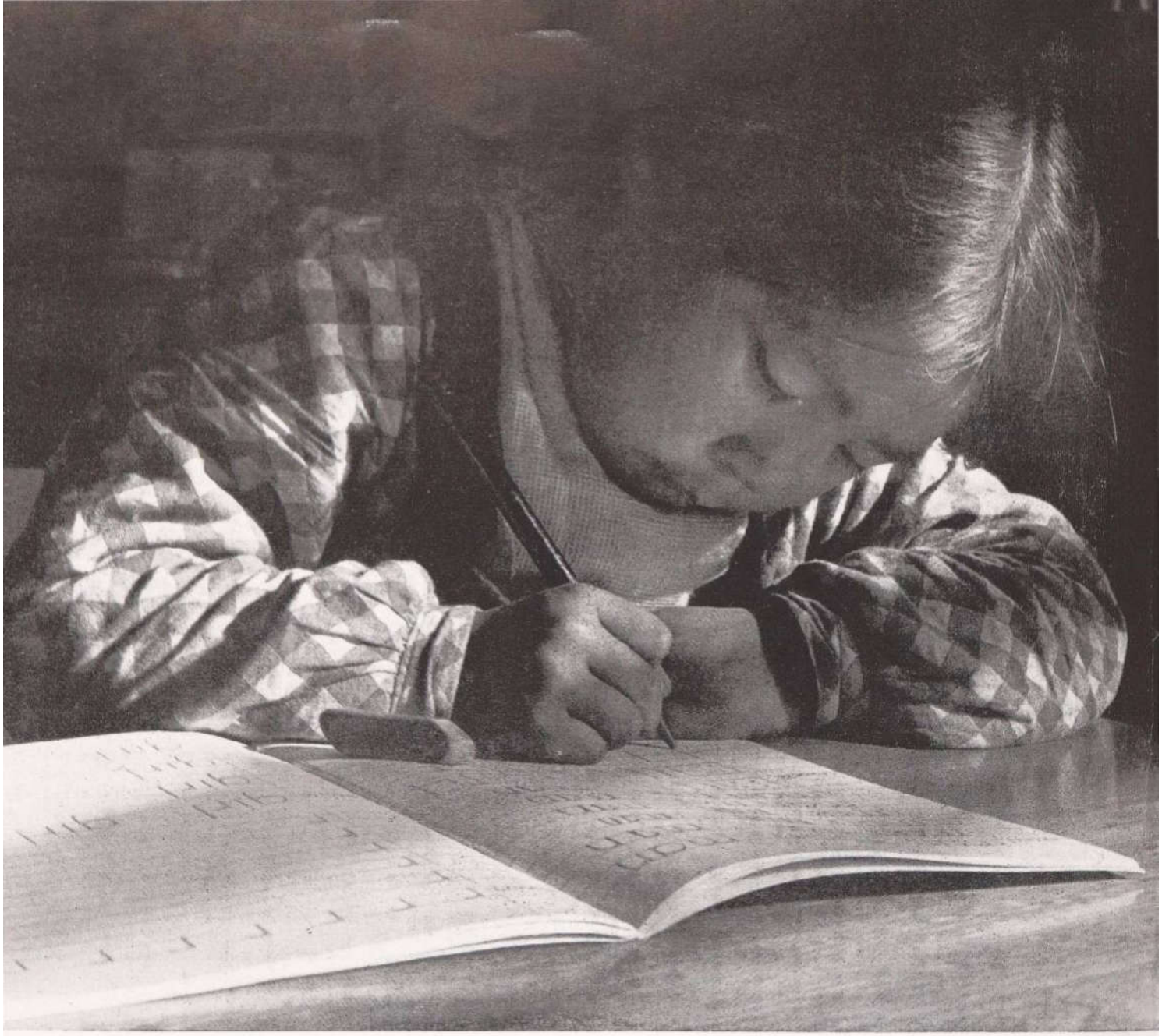
In his writings he emphasizes the extreme loneliness of this stage of the trip. In a letter which he wrote to the Rev. Hugh McKellar in later years, he says: "During this period I was for four days without seeing a mortal, putting up my tent each evening, tethering my horse, cooking my supper, and sleeping with the howling of wolves as a lullaby." Also, in a letter to his church magazine, *The Canada Presbyterian*, written just after his arrival in Edmonton, he says: "This loneliness was absolute. No one can understand how absolute it was but those who have seen a prairie, who know what solemn feelings its far-reaching monotonous waves inspire, and who know with what a melancholy 'sough' the wind sighs among its long dry grass at night." With reference to the "lullaby" of the wolves, besides the fearsome yelping and howling of small bands of coyotes, it is quite possible that the deeper and more sinister tones of the timber wolves could be heard in those days. A few years before this they had roamed the prairies in large numbers feeding upon weaklings of the buffalo herds and feasting on the remains of the slaughtered animals after each buffalo hunt. After living all his previous life in populous centres, the stark contrast of this experience must have seemed overpowering to our lonely young traveller.

Mr. Baird's last adventure before reaching Edmonton occurred where the trail crossed the Beaver River. The stream was not very wide but it was deep and its current was swift. Spanning it was a crude swinging foot-bridge. A small Indian encampment stood nearby but all the braves were away hunting. However, the squaws kindly helped the young minister take his buckboard apart and carry it over the narrow bridge in pieces along with the harness. Then they reassembled the vehicle on the far side of the stream. Next, the squaws forced the horse to swim across the creek, while Mr. Baird walked over the bridge, high and dry, controlling the animal with the long tethering rope. Soon the horse was harnessed and hitched to the buckboard again and the intrepid traveller set out on the last lap of his journey.

Mr. Baird arrived at Edmonton on October the thirty-first, forty-nine days after he had set out from Winnipeg, and he received a very warm welcome from the people of the small town and trading post. During that winter he lived for some time at the house of Chief Factor Richard Hardisty and his wife, who was the daughter of the Methodist missionary George McDougall.

Soon a Presbyterian congregation was organized and a place was secured in which to hold their meetings until a church could be built. The first service was held early in November in a loft over a granary. The following summer a comfortable little church was completed which stood for many years in the heart of the growing city. At a later date, a bronze plaque, telling of its romantic beginning, was placed on the wall of this church.

The Rev. Andrew Baird laboured in this new field for six years. It was a period of rapid growth and expansion for Edmonton and the surrounding district. Congregations were formed and services were held at several outside points as well as in the town. In 1887 Mr. Baird was called to Winnipeg to fill a position on the staff of Manitoba College. There he served for many years as a popular and successful teacher, helping to train young ministers. ✦



Six years old and loves her schoolwork.

school

IN THE HIGH ARCTIC

BY MARGERY HINDS

Miss Hinds opened Canada's northernmost school which is operated for the Eskimos by the Northern Affairs Department on the northern tip of Baffin Island.

At Arctic Bay. All photographs except the one of her, above, are by the author.

HIGH reddish cliffs glowed in the late-August sunlight as the Eastern Arctic Patrol ship made her way along Admiralty Inlet and Adams Sound towards Arctic Bay. At length, gleaming white in the clear light, there came into view the cross which Joseph Bernier erected when his ship, the C. G. S. *Arctic* wintered here in 1910-11. This cross marks the entrance to the mountain-encircled bay which bears the name of Capt. W. Adams's whaler *Arctic* which visited the bay in 1872.

In Bernier's time there was no white settlement here, but now, stretching along the entire north of the bay, is a string of red-roofed buildings. Some belong to Hudson's Bay Company, some to the weather station, and a few are Eskimos' cabins. Among the weather station buildings were some that I was to use for school purposes.

No sooner had we dropped anchor than the rush began. From little boats that had put out from shore, Eskimos came on board for their chest x-rays and for dental and medical check-up. They came, too, to see movie films and to listen to tape-recorded messages from friends Outside in hospital. At the same time, baggage of the entire white population, just three persons from the trading-post, arrived to be loaded on board.

Meanwhile, the newcomers, two traders, myself and my cocker spaniel, went ashore to begin our new jobs. And begin them we did, the very minute we stepped on land. Freight, that had to be checked, was already being discharged on the clean, stony beach when we arrived. As only one ship a year calls at Arctic Bay the delivery or non-delivery of items required for the year ahead is extremely important.

Exactly twelve hours after her arrival the ship departed leaving on the beach two huge piles of freight, one for the trading-post and about fifty tons for the new school. Somewhere in the school pile was my kitchen stove — a propane gas cooker of Canadian manufacture, and a great joy to use, once the problem of installing it was solved.

All the Eskimos who use Arctic Bay as their trading centre had congregated for ship-time. Some had travelled long distances in small open boats. Those without adequate means of transport had been fetched in the H B C whale boat. Now they all wanted to return home as quickly as possible. Winter was only a week or two away, and before it came, food for people and for dogs, and blubber for winter fuel for cooking and to warm the homes must be provided by the hunters. Houses must be made ready for the long, cold, dark winter too. In this high Arctic region there is little snow, so winter homes are not snowhouses. They are made partly from rocks and turf with an inner lining of tent material.

Before the people returned to their camps they helped move the freight from the beach, and thus earned money to purchase from the store some of the eagerly-awaited

A camp-pupil enjoys school.

new stock. Their main interest was clothing. Apart from tea and sugar, and milk for their children, they purchase scarcely any white man's food except in times of game scarcity. As in other parts of the northland, they dress the same as other Canadians who live in the Arctic. Only when they are travelling do they don fur or skin clothing to the extent of trousers and parka worn over their ordinary clothes.

It was such things as shirts, trousers, long underwear, dresses, woollen cardigans and sweaters that they wanted from the store. Ammunition, tobacco, and radio batteries were also in demand. Incidentally, when they saw my transistor radio they became intensely interested and some placed orders for such radios to come in by next year's ship.

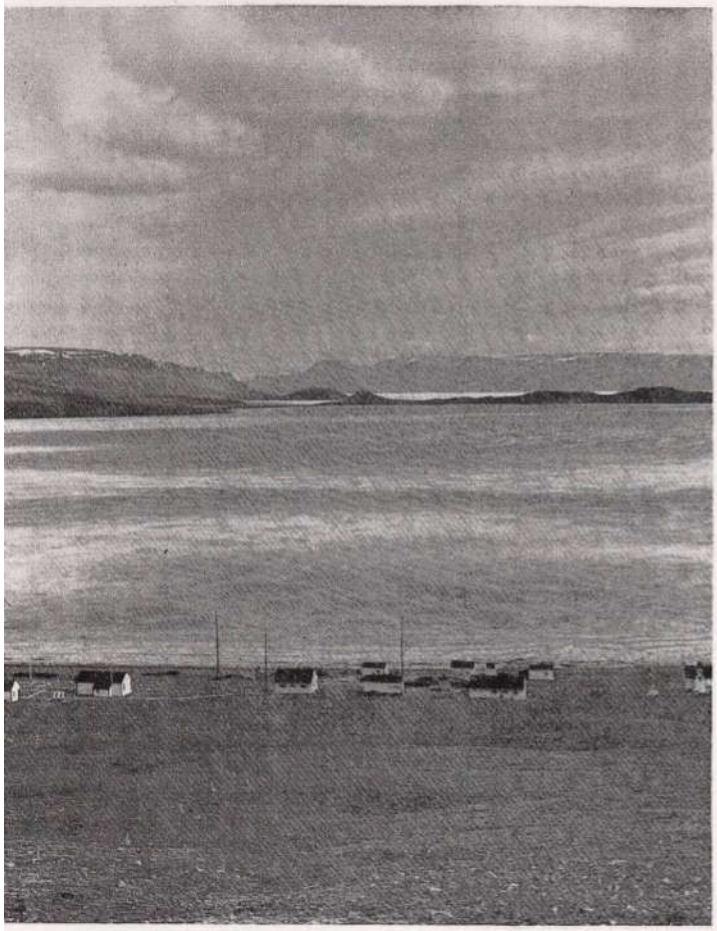
Although money earned by moving freight was welcome, most of them already had enough money for their needs, for these are a hard-working people. They know that it is better to depend upon themselves than to rely on hand-outs from the white man. So when they worked with the freight perhaps we were more under obligation to them for their help than they were to us for the money.

Throughout most of the night we worked, pausing for only a brief rest before starting again the following morning. And thus it continued until all that needed protection from weather was safely under cover. While I worked with my gang of helpers the trader and his clerk were working with theirs. Fortunately we all have some knowledge of the Eskimo language so no time was lost because of misunderstandings.

After the freight, my next big job was to make one of the buildings into a classroom—heating, lighting, cloakroom facilities, water-supply, school lunches, and playground equipment had to be considered as well as requirements for lessons. In this work, too, Eskimos were willing, though inexperienced workers.

Every morning, punctually as eight o'clock, my gang arrived, rifle on shoulder and hammer in hand. The sea is only six yards or so from the school, and every now and again while we worked a seal popped up its head as though to take a look at what we were doing. Needless to say, few seals had the opportunity to take a second look. The Eskimo who saw the seal first would drop his hammer, pick up his rifle, and usually without moving

Arctic Bay viewed from the west. The shopping centre is in the middle of the picture in Main Street. A bear skin is drying on a frame against the Eskimo cabin at right.



Left: Two views from the same spot—looking south over the settlement to the sea, still frozen in July, and below, looking north where flowers bloom even above the place name on this 900-foot hill.

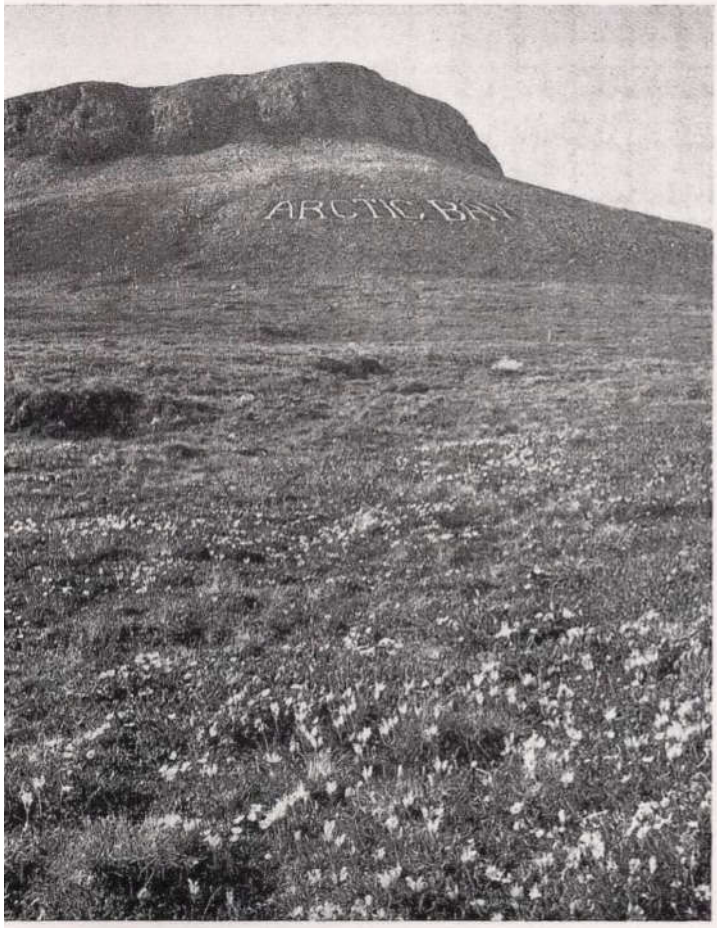
from his place, take a shot. Remarkably little time was lost through these interludes with the seals.

Invariably, after a ship or plane has called at a northern settlement, everyone has a cold. One by one my helpers succumbed to the sickness which followed ship-time, the very able man who was to be school janitor included. At last only Ituq was left. So together we worked, even fixing the chalk-board to the wall satisfactorily, using a kitchen spatula as a trowel for applying the cement.

It is, of course, very pleasant to arrive in a region to open the first school and find beautiful new buildings ready for occupation. But in a place such as Arctic Bay where the population is scattered and there is uncertainty about the school-age children, it is only reasonable to explore the situation first, especially when existing buildings can be put to use.

One gets to know people by working with them, as I did during my first days at Arctic Bay, when much was done in an informal way towards what might be called establishing a parent-teacher relationship.

Our classroom is make-shift, but equipment is exactly the same as that in other federal schools in the north.



They want to come to school but they are only three years old.

Thus, when school was nearly ready for opening, I was able to have a community sound-film show, at the conclusion of which I talked to the people about the plans for education—adults as well as children. Registration of twenty-three school-age children followed.

Several adults told me they had been to school while they were Outside in hospital, chiefly at Hamilton, Brandon and Clearwater Lake. They were anxious to continue. Much of what they had learnt had already been passed on to others who lived in the same camp. But apart from that, the children knew only what their parents had been able to teach them, which was not inconsiderable in view of the circumstances. Almost all the children could count in English as well as in Eskimo. They could write and understand figures, having learnt them from clocks and calendars. Some children had watches and could tell the time in Eskimo. They also understood punctuality. The reason they brought their watches to school was to synchronize them with the school clock so as to ensure punctual attendance. All, except the smallest, could read and write their own language in the syllabic script.

I am always puzzled when I read about the illiteracy of the Eskimos. Surely illiteracy means being unable to read and write one's mother-tongue. If not, there must be a tremendous number of illiterates elsewhere in Canada.

It is possible, if the education of the Eskimo follows the general pattern of education elsewhere, that parents will be discouraged from trying to teach their children. Thus, it is likely that in the near future Eskimos will be unable to read and write their own language.

Maybe the increase in juvenile delinquency Outside is to a certain extent connected with school authorities giving children the impression that parents use old-fashioned methods and are therefore incapable of helping their children with their schoolwork. Thus might be planted in the child's mind the idea of knowing better than his parents. Possibly the survival of the Eskimo throughout rigorous centuries has depended on the strength of the family unit.

Although the Eskimos of Arctic Bay are considered to be among the most primitive, because of remoteness from what is called civilization, they seem to me less uncivilized than others I have know in more accessible regions. Vermin, disgusting personal habits, malodorous bodies and undesirable behaviour which are occasionally encountered elsewhere in the north have no place here. But naturally, all is not perfect, and there is considerable need for instruction in health, hygiene, and other matters, particularly those concerning the use of imported materials and ways of living that are alien to Eskimo tradition.

Those children who remained long enough at the settlement waited eagerly for school to open. Towards 8.45 a.m. on the great day, when I looked out to see whether any children were in sight, not one was to be seen. But the moment I set foot on the little path which leads downhill from my house to the school, out they all poured from the nearest Eskimo cabin where they had congregated.

Girls had neat cotton dresses, woollen cardigans, sealskin boots, and hair braided in two plaits. Boys had blue denim or woollen store-bought trousers, gay flannelette shirts, sealskin boots, and hair neatly cut in the style worn by many another schoolboy in Canada. A few small ones had a sort of bob-trim. All the faces were flushed with excitement, and shiny with cleanliness. And of course, all had big smiles.

Eskimos are accustomed to adapting themselves to various situations, so we soon settled down to schoolwork, following, as best we could, The Regulations, The School Ordinance and the Ontario Program of Studies.

At the end of that first day several fathers were waiting outside the school with their cameras to take photographs of their children. One, who has flashlight equipment, requested permission to photograph his children with their books at their desks.

As photography is one of my hobbies I was particularly anxious to see some of the pictures taken by these Eskimo photographers. After some persuasion I succeeded. Evidently some take their cameras with them when they travel, for there were hunting and trapping pictures. One was of a freshly-killed polar bear that had been set up on its haunches with the hunter-photographer's wife posed beside it. But the one I like best is of a row of seven white men standing on the sea ice beside their plane, each with a camera taking pictures of Eskimos.

It is now almost a year since we began school. Those who have been able to attend regularly, both children, and adults at night school, have made remarkably good progress. The children of the camps, who of necessity must do most of their school-work at home, have done well too. Since school first opened forty-six school-age children have registered as pupils.

Sound films of the right sort are invaluable as teaching aids. Much general community education has been done by this means, and during discussions about the films.

We have, as yet, no Parent-Teacher Association, but we have a very good parent-teacher relationship. Parents and teacher meet informally on various occasions—not very often because most parents live in distant camps, and, apart from ship-time, come to the trading-post only two or three times a year.

Schoolchildren play on the "aulakatauk."

He shot his first bear when he was nine years old and enjoys all Eskimo pursuits.

Often they try to arrive on a Friday so as to attend our weekly film-show in the school. Every now and again mothers whom I have not yet met are among them. On such occasions, after the show is over, the man of the family brings his wife forward to introduce her to me in exactly the same way that any civilised person would do.

Some of my pupils have had remarkable experiences—that is, remarkable from a white man's point of view.

One boy, nine years of age, was out trapping with a lad of sixteen many miles from the nearest human being, when their dogs ran away with the komatik and all their gear. The boys did the only thing it was possible to do. That is, they began to walk to the nearest habitation, to Arctic Bay, in fact. They walked and they walked, never daring to stop lest they freeze to death. They kept on walking for seventeen hours and reached home soon after six o'clock in the morning.

At nine o'clock the nine-year-old boy was at school, walking like a bent little old man. When I suggested that he'd better stay home and sleep he said he had already slept and was ready to begin lessons. And so he did, without any noticable effects from his long walk except that he ate an enormous lunch at school that day.

Another boy, who is ten years old now, shot his first polar bear about a year ago. This boy was little more than eight years old when he was initiated into the art of seal hunting. During the past winter when all the men of his camp were ill, he, single-handed, went round all their traps. He is a very intelligent and observant little boy and the moment he is out of school he is following some Eskimo pursuit.

The family of one of the girls moved to Strathcona Sound, across the hills, north of Arctic Bay, but within walking distance for those who like very long, rugged walks. This girl attended school regularly from her new camp until the darkest part of the dark season.

This land, like any other, has its seasons—the dark blue season of winter, when noon is a golden glow in the southern sky—the season of the returning sun which gives us back our shadows—the brilliant season of light which paints with ever-changing hyperborean hues the hills, the sky and the frozen sea. Then there is the grey season of June with its obscuring mists and clouds; and the season when birds, bees, spiders, butterflies, beetles and daddy-longlegs revel amidst a million burgeoning flowers, while streams tinkle down to the frozen sea.

For the children each season brings its special interest, its special kind of play; and, for their parents, its special kind of work. Just now, through cracks in the sea-ice, children have fun jigging for fish.

It will be ship-time again in just a few weeks' time. ◆

THE LONE CABIN MYSTERY

BY WILLIAM BROCKIE
Ex-Constable, R.C.M.P.
with C. V. Tench

HIGH up on the river bank a wolf howled mournfully. From the gloom-shrouded evergreens came the answering howl of many wolves, causing me, in charge of the Bear Lake patrol, to glance up apprehensively as I trotted behind the dogs.

Ahead of me was Constable Morrin driving another team. Farther ahead was Pierre, our Indian helper, breaking trail.

More howls sobbed through the boreal air, causing Pierre to stop his lonely advance, turn and retrace his tracks.

"Well?" I asked.

"T'e wolves," Pierre explained worriedly. "I t'ink we better camp."

"Camp here?" I shook my head, staring to where the winter-gripped river stretched as far as snow-strained eyes could see, a seemingly endless river of giant-flung whiteness. "No, Pierre. We're not camping out with Black Elk's cabin not far away now."

"But 'im not t'ere," protested Pierre. "An' you know t'at cabin she 'aunted. I not sleep in t'at cabin."

"Then sleep outside," I answered. "But I prefer shelter of any kind when it's forty below and a blizzard threatening. Mush!"

As I once more trotted along, I again conned over the reason for this patrol.

Word had reached my post that Black Elk, an Indian trapper who lived alone with his wife on the upper reaches of the river, had not been seen for some time. The Indian who had reported the matter said that he had arrived at Black Elk's shack one night and found it in darkness. He had entered but before he could kindle a light he had stumbled full into the icy, flapping arms of some monstrous, hairy Thing! Somehow he had got outside, slammed tight the door imprisoning the Thing, then hurried to the nearest police post. Now we were here to investigate.

Peering ahead I saw Pierre swinging from the ice towards the bank. Not one hundred paces away bulked Black Elk's log cabin. A sudden blast of wind, swirling a mist of stinging, frozen particles blotted it from view for a moment. Then it showed again; dark, silent, sinister in the gloom. In spite of myself I shivered, then strode forward.

As I moved something else also moved, flitted into the trees. Followed shrill yappings.

"Ah! T'e fox! 'E talk devil talk!" quavered the thoroughly scared Pierre.

My reply was a curt command and Constable Morrin at once joined me a few paces from the cabin door. Pierre hesitatingly followed, eyes turning scaredly in all directions, ready to run.

"No fresh tracks," I said, eyeing the snow about the door.

"No," replied Morrin, "and . . . . Why, what's this?" He stepped forward, peering at some marks on the door, angular signs, done in red ochre, of the Cree handwriting.

I turned to Pierre. "Tell me what it says."

"No. It . . . . "

I shot out my right hand and caught Pierre as he backed away. "Read," I ordered.

The moment Pierre had deciphered the signs he wrenched free and stepped back in shivering fright.

"Now what?" I again grasped him.

"Brockie, 'im death talk," wailed the now thoroughly scared Pierre. "Words say Black Elk's woman get sick and die. 'E bury 'er in t'e cabin 'cos ground too froze outside. T'en 'e tak' w'at 'e want, leave everyt'ing else, an' go away."

"So that's it." I thought rapidly. "All right, Pierre, you attend to the dogs. Constable Morrin and I will attend to the ghost."

"Camp 'ere?" protested Pierre. "No, no, Brockie, t'e cabin is 'aunted sure. We know now w'y Black Elk 'im leave. Now we go 'way 'fore ghost catch us, please."

"You can go," I said, knowing full well that the scared Pierre would be afraid to leave us now, "but I want to see this ghost."

Pierre protested again and hastily backed away as Morrin and I commenced forcing open the ice- and snow-fastened door. Presently the door creaked wide open, revealing impenetrable blackness.

"If there's anything in there," I whispered at the end of tense seconds of trying to pierce the blackness of the cabin's interior, "let's try to scare it out. Get a set of harness."

Morrin hurried away, returning with his arms burdened.

"Now," I whispered, "throw it as far and as hard as you can."

Morrin gave a lusty heave and hurled the tangle of thongs and leather and jangling bells. Followed a crash, a slithering, scraping sound, and abruptly looming forward from the blackness full towards us came a black, shapeless Thing, towering to the shack's very roof.

Hastily Morrin and I backed away.

"Morrin," I then said, "there *is* something in there."

"Yes." Morrin's face was tense.

"Maybe it'll come out now. Draw your gun." Revolvers ready, nerves taut, we stood on either side of the door. Nothing showed, but from within the shack now came a slow scrape, scrape, scrape.

"We'll have to go in," I whispered at the end of trying moments. "Have matches ready. I'll attend to the shooting."

Holstering his revolver, Morrin produced matches.

"Now!" Gun ready, I stepped across the sill.

A match scratched and flared. Shadows, vague and blurred, weaved all about us . . . and then we both saw, looming menacingly towards us the shapeless bulk of that black Thing.

"Shoot!" urged Morrin as the match burned out. The whole building rocked with sound as I pressed the trigger again and again. Above all could be heard the ominous thud-thud-thud of heavy bullets smashing into something solid. As the thunderous reverberations died away a more chill sound was heard; a steady drip, drip, drip.

Morrin and I backed hastily outside.

"I hit it, whatever it is," I said somewhat breathlessly. "Get more light . . . pine knots."

Gun ready, I waited as Morrin hurried away. The crashing shots had silenced the wolves. From behind a tree showed Pierre's face. From the interior of the cabin still sounded that ominous scrape, scrape, scrape . . . drip, drip, drip.

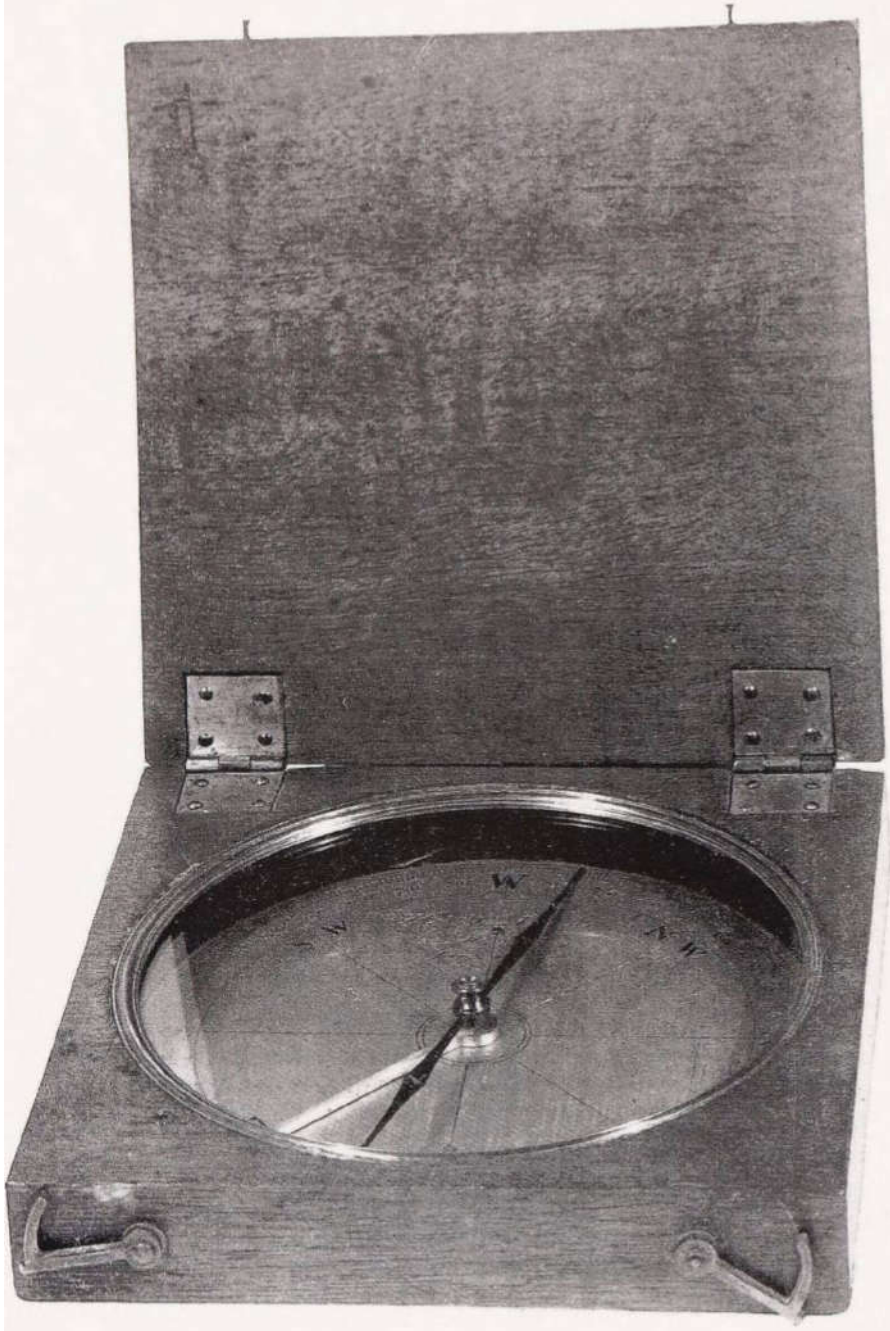
"Now," I said, as Morrin returned with blazing pine knots. "Ghost or animal, we'll now find out."

Again I stepped inside the building. The flaring pine knots showed the interior as bright as day, and . . . .

Hanging from the ridge pole to be out of the reach of rodents, a sack of grain. An old and hairy buffalo coat tied loosely about the sack to protect the grain from frost, flopped its empty arms in the draught that swept through the building.

The set of dog harness thrown by Morrin had wrapped itself about the sack and set it to swinging, and dragging along the floor with a slow, scrape, scrape, scrape.

From bullet holes in the sack, kernels of grain trickled with a drip, drip, drip. ◆



ALEXANDER

as surveyor

BY F. C. SWANNELL

B.C. and Dominion Land Surveyor, Mr. Swannell, now retired, mapped thirty years ago in the area traversed by Mackenzie.

Instruments of the type probably used by Mackenzie, from the collection of the National Maritime Museum, Greenwich. Above, a pocket compass by W. & S. Jones, c. 1790. Most compasses then were graduated in degrees as well as points but it was uncommon to use degrees in giving bearings until the 20th century.

A pocket sextant of about 1790. The mirrors may be seen in the larger opening.

Telescope by Dollond, London. Possibly somewhat later than Mackenzie, but of the kind he probably had.

MACKENZIE

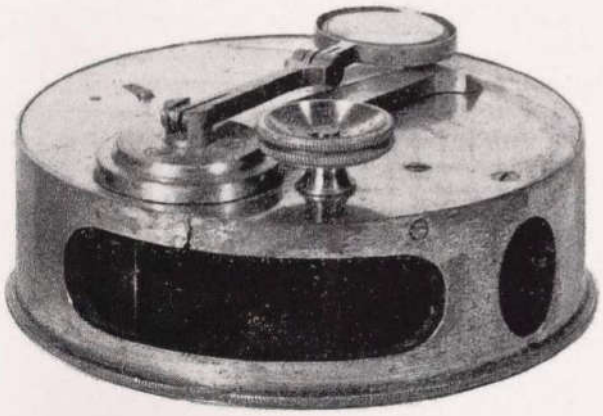
IT was only some twenty-five years ago that a surveyor was actually able to pinpoint on the map the famous rock on the Pacific upon which Mackenzie wrote with a mixture of vermilion and melted grease his memorable inscription: "Alexander Mackenzie, from Canada, by land, the twenty-second of July, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-three."

This marked the first crossing by a European of the main continent of North America, north of Mexico, and antedated the arrival of the Lewis and Clarke expedition to the mouth of the Columbia by twelve years.

Much of Mackenzie's route is still very imperfectly mapped though, in the course of surveys, I have retraced parts of it.* His biographers, although they have accumulated a mass of information as to his early and subsequent career have, in describing his actual exploration, perforce only embroidered and expanded his own unpretentious journal. Following his path, I have studied his expedition from the point of view of the practical surveyor. What equipment and instruments did he have? How was he provisioned? And, especially, what was the accuracy of this, the first track-survey west of the Rockies?

Mackenzie left his winter quarters at Forks Fort, on the Peace River, May 9th, 1793. On the 31st he reached the junction of the Finlay and Parsnip Rivers, ascended

Chronometer watch, by John Arnold, London, c. 1792. The dial is two inches in diameter.



* *On Mackenzie's Trail*, F. C. Swannell, Summer 1958

the latter and commenced, on June 12th, to portage across to the Fraser waters, wrecking his canoe a few days later on the Bad River. He continued down the Fraser to a little below the present Alexandria. He turned back up-stream on June 23rd, and on the 4th of July, having cached his canoe a few miles above the Blackwater, started overland for the Pacific, all hands "backpacking". Reaching the Bella Coola River on July 17th, he obtained canoes, and on July 22nd, on Dean Channel, having fixed his position for latitude and longitude, he started on his return trip. Travelling, as always, at top speed, he was back at Forks Fort on August 24th, 1793.

His actual milage is almost unbelievable expressed in terms of days' travel. Going westward, groping more or less blindly forward for the best route, he travelled in seventy-four days about 1,200 miles, 940 of which were by water and 260 backpacking overland. The average day's travel both for land and water was about 20 miles, if one allows for the delay trail-cutting and portaging at the Rocky Mountain Canyon and over the Parsnip-Fraser Divide. He lost more time conferring and negotiating with Indians, and, when his canoe got beyond patching, in building a new one. The real test of his ability to travel is the return trip over a known route and less heavily burdened, he having left caches behind to secure his return. On foot, from Friendly Village, on the Bella Coola, to the Fraser, he averaged 25 miles a day. The 860 miles by water was made in twenty-four days, including the portages, an average of 36 miles a day. (The extra water milage on the out trip being due to his descending the Fraser to Alexandria and having to go back.)

Mackenzie's party consisted of ten men, all told: himself, his lieutenant Alexander Mackay, six French-Canadian voyageurs, and two Indian hunters and interpreters. Upon the French-Canadians the bulk of the hard work devolved. It was they who paddled, poled, and lined the canoe, and they each started on the overland dash with a 90-pound pack, plus their weapons. The Indians were very dissatisfied with 50-pound packs, and in the canoe did nothing.

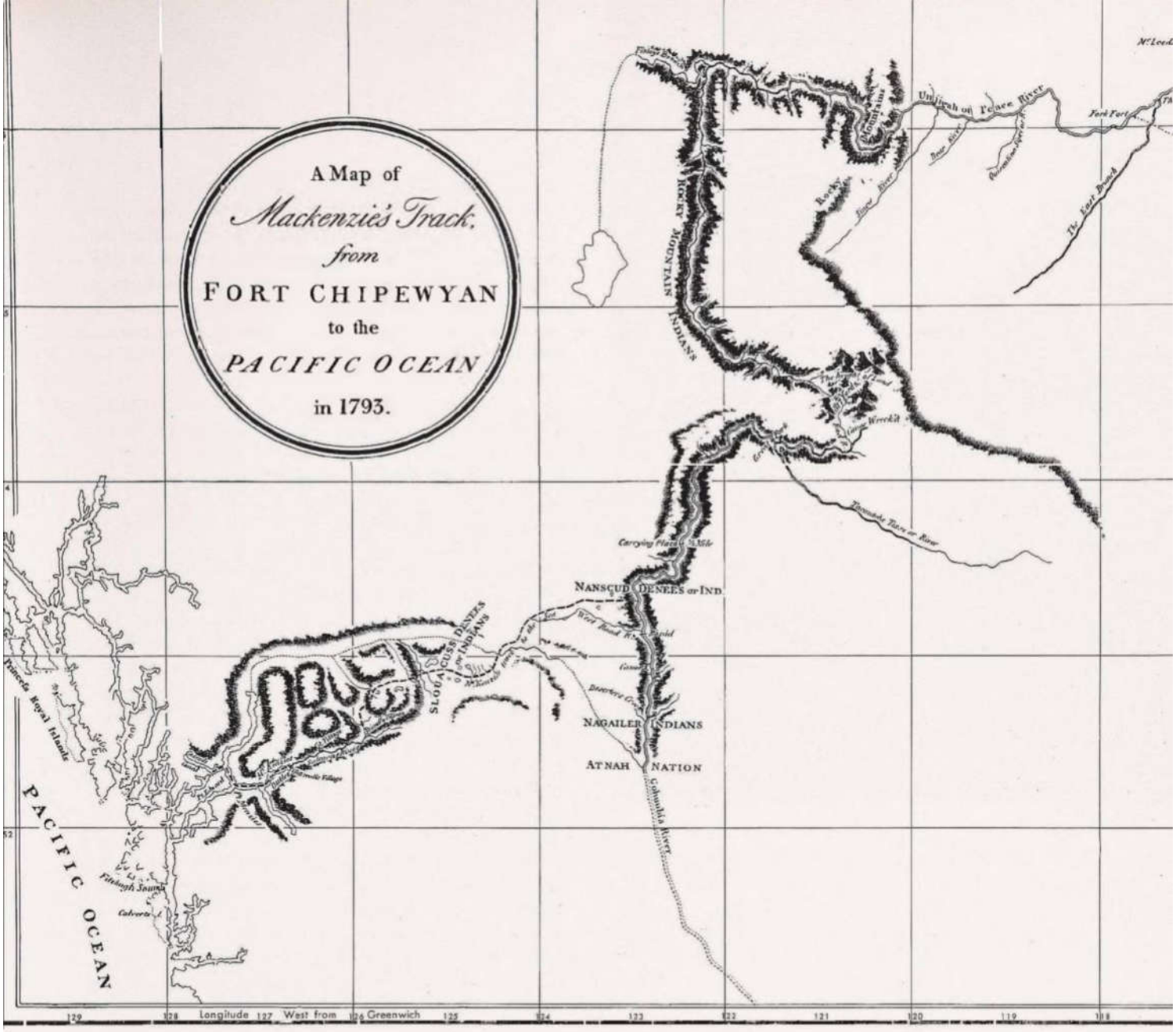
Not only did Mackenzie drive his men hard, he worked them long hours. From daylight to dark, day in and day out, Sunday and all, was the rule unless the weather was too bad. Repeatedly in his journal phrases occur like: "At a quarter past three in the morning we continued our journey—we landed at seven [p.m.], which was our usual hour of encampment." He, however, was only following the usual custom of the fur-traders. To get the fur-brigade out and the trading-goods in to the interior posts all within the space of the short northern summer, it was necessary to have the brigades travel almost night and day. Twenty hours a day was not unusual.

The party of ten left Forks Fort in a birch-bark canoe, into which 3,000 lb., dead-weight, of provisions, arms, ammunition, presents, and dunnage was stowed. The canoe was 25 feet long inboard, 4 feet 9 inches beam, and 26 inches hold. Four 3-inch poles, called the "*grande-perche*" were laid lengthwise in the bottom of the canoe to distribute the weight of the lading; and probably, as in the French freighting-canoes, a long thin, narrow board ran from bow to stem in lieu of a keel, to protect the fragile bark bottom when running ashore in shallow water. Each canoeman, besides his paddle, had an iron-shod "setting-pole", ten feet long; the towing-line was seventy fathoms in length. The equipment which normally went with such a canoe would be two oil-cloth covers, a sail, an axe, a kettle, a sponge for bailing, and bark gum and spruce fibres for repairs. Mackenzie had a tent for himself, but the men at best but a fly. Each man had a gun, powder horn, knife, and axe; Mackenzie a brace of pistols and a sword or hanger.

The 3,000-lb. load, I imagine, would be made up of about 2,000 lb. provisions; 270 lb. in presents; arms and ammunition, 280 lb.; and dunnage, 250 lb. Various sundries, including Mackenzie's instruments and moose-hide for making moccasins, would account for the remaining 200 lb.

Mackenzie evidently figured on a three-months' trip, and provisioned on that basis, expecting to supplement the ration with game and fish en route. The mainstay was pemmican in 90-pound bags (a 90-pound package technically known as a "piece", being at that time the unit of weight in fur-trade transport). Probably he started with 16 "pieces" of pemmican, the remainder of his provision consisting of Indian corn, flour, wild rice, and luxuries, such as sugar, salt and pepper. Nowhere does he mention tea. Last, but not least, was the rum. The phrase in his journal, "rum and other necessary articles," shows its importance in his eyes. How much he took we do not know, but he turned an empty keg adrift, enclosing a letter, when twenty days out. Assuming it to be a 5-gallon keg, this would give a ration of one-fifth of a pint a day to each man.

His cache near the Blackwater contained a bag of pemmican, two bags of wild rice, a gallon keg of gunpowder, two bags of maize and a bale of merchandise. From then on he had scant need of a cook. "It was determined that we should content ourselves with two meals a day, which were regulated without difficulty, as our provisions did not require the ceremony of cooking." What he describes as a substantial and not unpleasant



Part of Alexander Mackenzie's map, published in his book in 1801. He wintered at Forks Fort, left there on 9 May 1793 and was back on August 24th.

dish was made by boiling dried and pounded fish-roes in water, and thickening with a little flour and grease.

While on the subject of rations, one might add that at this period the voyageur in the east received for twenty-four hours simply and solely a quart of Indian corn. This was boiled into a mush and two ounces of melted suet, and a pinch of salt added. Mackenzie comments that it "is not sufficiently heartening." At Fort Chipewyan the winter ration was eight pounds of dried fish. An army officer who planned a similar exploration to Mackenzie's in 1790 gives what may be styled a well-balanced ration—namely, 16 oz. hard tack, 1 lb. meat, and 1 pint rum, per diem. This diet was at least "sufficiently heartening"!

We have a contemporary list of the instruments considered necessary on an exploration such as Mackenzie's. They are as follows: A transit instrument, a timepiece, a refracting telescope powerful enough to observe Jupiter's satellites, a thermometer, barometer, and an azimuth-theodolite. Mackenzie had far fewer, merely a compass, a sextant, a chronometer of sorts, and a large telescope. His thermometer he had broken during the winter. The compass (he records that he had the misfortune to drop his pocket compass in the water the second day out) he

B. C. Archives

From a painting of Alexander Mackenzie.

used for taking rough bearings of his estimated course on the waterways. Probably it was not graduated in degrees, for his field-notes are in this form: "South-west by west three-quarters of a mile, south-south-east one mile." He states that, in plotting, the variation must be considered. The sextant was of an obsolete pattern, for on June 22nd he could not shoot the sun finding its altitude too great for his instrument. He carried mercury for use as an artificial horizon. His chronometer he calls an "achrometer" or elsewhere "acrometer", a word that is not found in the dictionary in this sense. Possibly it is a subtle Scotch joke which has missed fire for 165 years, the prefix being a Greek derivative emphasizing the lack of value of his watch as a time-keeper. With this watch he was endeavouring to carry Greenwich time, or rather the longitude of Forks Fort which he had observed for during the winter. Unfortunately he let it run down on July 7th, the first time he had committed such an act of negligence since leaving Fort Chipewyan the previous year. Its rate, at Forks Fort, he found to be slow twenty-two seconds in twenty-four hours.

* A fellow surveyor with the author.

The first edition of Mackenzie's journal, published in London in 1801, contains the first map ever made of the area now British Columbia. It shows the coast as laid down by Captain Vancouver and the plot of Mackenzie's own route. To test his survey I enlarged his map to the scale of the present-day one and super-imposed one on the other. The greatest mistake, of course, is that he confused his Tacoutche Tesse (the Fraser River) with the Columbia. Vancouver himself quite inexplicably failed to chart the mouth of the Fraser, and Mackenzie quite naturally, therefore, dotted his river southward to connect with the mouth of the Columbia. As to his own travelled route, his greatest errors are in longitude, as may be expected, in view of his method of obtaining it. Yet even here we must credit him with being an exceptionally expert observer. Forks Fort, as laid down by him, is only ten minutes too far west. The greatest discrepancy is at Finlay Junction, which he places 50 miles too far east, and the Bad River Portage, 40 miles too far east. The main Fraser he usually has within 10 miles of its true position. All his longitudes were obtained from observations on Jupiter's satellites, with a final check on to Vancouver's chart, the longitudes of which were in themselves in error.

To emphasize Mackenzie's ability as an observer, Captain R. P. Bishop* notes that Vancouver's determination of the longitude of Nootka differed from that of Cook by twenty minutes of arc. Vancouver and Cook each had the best instruments available at the time, in striking contrast to Mackenzie's indifferent watch and telescope of too low power. I quote verbatim from Bishop:

"It is found that Vancouver, in fixing the longitude of Monterey, used 199 sets of lunar distances, of six observations each. The 199 sets are divided into twenty-one groups of sets, and the average error of each group compared with the mean result, is 12½′. Of these twenty-one groups of sets, one is 28′ 40″ in error, and another 27′ 11″, so that certain individual sets are probably well over 30 minutes or 21 miles in error."

Mackenzie's latitudes, determined from meridian altitudes of the sun, are, with one or two exceptions, only subject to error of about a mile. Being delayed four days on an island in the Fraser while his men were building the new canoe, he obtained the following values for the latitude of the place: 53° 02′ 32″, 03′ 07″, 03′ 17″, and 03′ 32″.

Unfortunately Mackenzie mistrusted his own ability as an observer, and placed too much reliance on his estimates of distance and direction. He was too honest to "fudge" his notes, so that by comparing his recorded latitudes and longitudes with his map it is evident he

tried to shift these so as to agree with his overestimate of distance. The Parsnip-Fraser Divide he shows 15 miles east of his journal longitude, which itself was 25 miles east of the true position. The actual land route from the Fraser to the Dean River Crossing is in general direction close to a straight line. For his directions here he seems to have depended on the sun, and there being many cloudy days he erred in his sense of direction, several days' march on his plot being 30° off for bearing. In one place, obtaining a meridian altitude after missing a couple of days, he remarks with astonishment that he was not so far south as his dead reckoning had led him to expect, yet in making the map he gave the latter more value.

It is needless to eulogize Mackenzie's powers of organization, determination, and tact in dealing with the Indians. That he accomplished all he did in one short summer, and brought every man back safely, speaks in itself for all this. His men he worked unmercifully, for they were in his eyes only the means to an end. His observation was acute and accurate. It is only to be regretted that there is not more real human interest in his narrative, or even a saving glint of humour. We would like to know more about those hard-working canoemen of his, and of Mackay, whom we can only surmise to have been the same Mackay who lost his life in the Tonquin Massacre in 1811. ◆

This scow in a canyon on the upper Fraser is riding the troubled waters travelled by Mackenzie. *F. C. Swannell*

THE MYSTERIOUS

BY W. E. TAYLOR

Photographs by the author unless otherwise stated, courtesy National Museum.

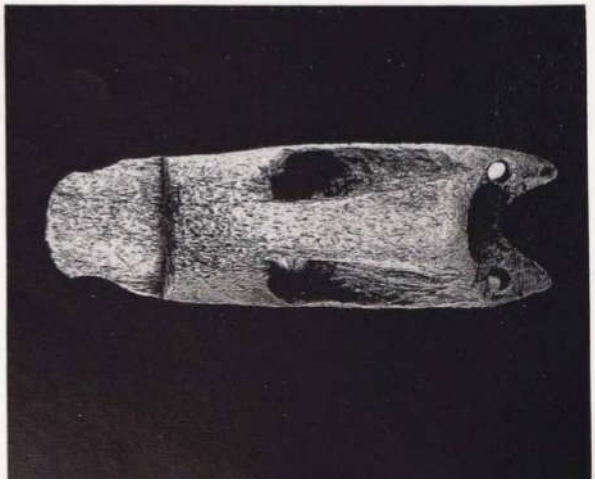
Found at the Sadlermiut site; an ulu or woman's knife of antler with metal blade.

NATIVE Point, Southampton Island, Aug. 18/56. Still that grey, sullen sky, icy rain and hammering northeast wind. The tent is festooned with wet clothing—some of it has been hanging for three days and and is not dry yet. But we're having great success drying inner-soles by roasting them in the Coleman oven. Charlie went wild in a culinary way—made a chocolate cake, of all things, for supper. The mental and emotional strain of the task has left him exhausted. After supper, I worked up the notes, artifacts and field catalogue. Charlie finished the east-west cross-section of House 34.

"The eider and her two goslings are still on the Bone Pond and now seem quite unafraid of us. We saw a small flock of south-bound geese for the first time this morning."

Mr. Charles H. McNutt referred to in the above daily journal entry was half the personnel of the National Museum of Canada's 1956 archaeological party on Southampton Island. Like the well-fired Sam McGee, McNutt's home is Tennessee but as a research assistant with the University of Michigan's Museum of Anthropology, he had, before 1956, explored as far north as Detroit.

A Foundation Company aircraft moved us from Churchill, Manitoba, to Coral Harbour on the island in late June. On landing, we were met by a cluster of the younger Eskimo men, most of whom we had employed as sled drivers or boat crew in previous summers. Now they were happily a part of the grand scheme of DEW Line things. There were great changes—Jackie was pleased to announce that he had not trapped a fox all winter. He was a full-time wage earner. From their tailor-made cigarettes, gold wrist-watches, and clothing it was quite obvious that the Southampton Aiviliks were having an economic boom that less-fortunate marginal settlements, like Toronto and Edmonton, cannot know. Not that the Aivilik men are brutally materialist, for the changes go much deeper. For example, in the past every one would help in unloading sleds or boats and in moving camp gear but now like other good Canadians, this welcoming committee stood watching us move our little mountain of food and such. And soon again they demonstrated their



A typical Sadlermiut harpoon head, of antler, with step for the flint end-blade.

SADLERMIUT

Between 1954 and 1956 the National Geographic Society, the Smithsonian Institution, the National Museum of Canada, and the American Philosophical Society sponsored archaeological work on Southampton Island under the direction of Dr. H. B. Collins. Mr. Taylor was National Museum archaeologist on the expeditions.

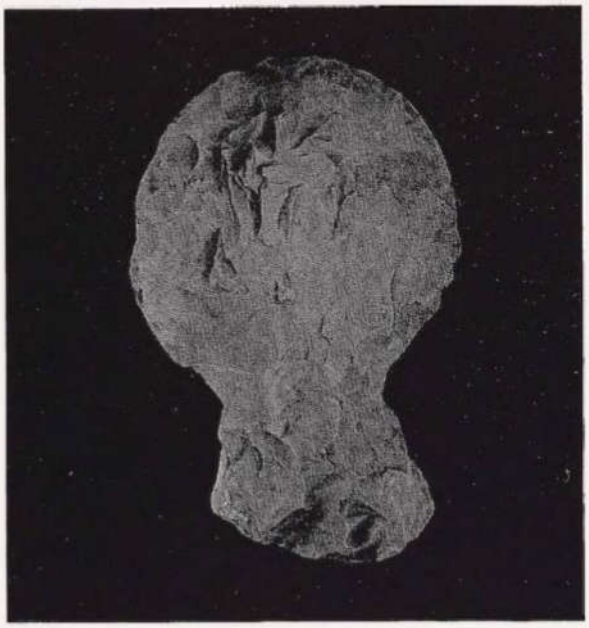
mastery of the Canadian way of life for when their boss came around and directed them to help us, his order lasted as long as he was in sight.

Charlie and I rolled cigarettes and the news exchange began—Mike Bruce still in the San, Mikituk gone to the San, someone returned from the San—Santianna killed eight bears last winter—the motor no good in Pamiulik's boat—so-and-so had a baby girl—Joe Curly's back still sore from his bad fall last August—the ice is still good for sleds—coffee up in price—Taylor has a gift for Killikpallik from Professor Emerson, his very good friend of previous seasons. In general we are friends welcomed back and fair company, even if not *Inuit*. Ituk had long since announced the presence of Charlie's guitar and banjo among our luggage.

A few miles by sled brought us to the Hudson's Bay Company post and the hospitality of Bert and Mary Swaffield. Four days were passed making preparations to take up residence down the coast at Native Point. Equipment and supplies stored at the post the previous year were assembled, checked, and packed together with those brought in with us. Arrangements were completed for the sled trip to our camp and for a late August withdrawal by peterhead boat. We checked out our short-wave radio with the post and Mrs. Swaffield heard us perfectly —no one ever heard us again over that radio.

The packing process is not all routine and business, for Southampton is hospitable and social in the grand tradition—everybody visits. The Eskimos are as active as any in this respect and for hours on end a group would sit talking with us as we packed and stumbled back and forth over the language barrier.

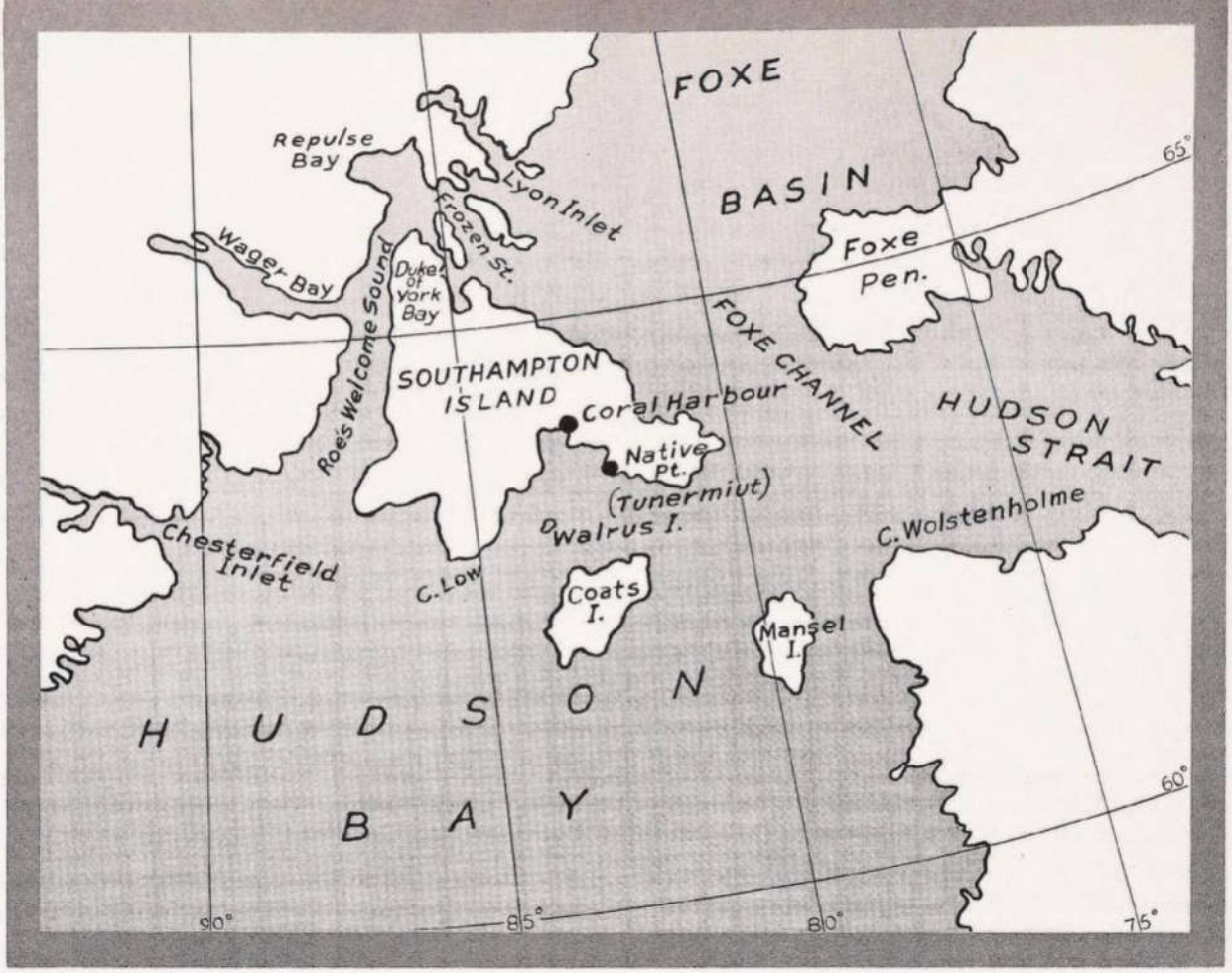
On July 3 our string of overloaded sleds bumped out over the shore ice towards Native Point. It was a fiercely



Sadlermiut chipped flint end-scraper stemmed for hafting. Probably used to clean skins.

bright day on the ice, brightened further by Charlie, perched high on a loaded sled, rattling his guitar and singing such apt songs as "Carry Me Back to Old Virginny", and inevitably, "Jingle Bells." The second day duplicated the first, and in the evening we reached Native Point. After unloading, three seals, shot en route, were cut up and 41 dogs demonstrated the traditional enthusiasm for raw seal meat by exploding into a barking, snarling, jumping, fighting mass of fur and teeth.

By noon of July 5th the Eskimos left, taking our mail back to the post, and we completed the job of setting

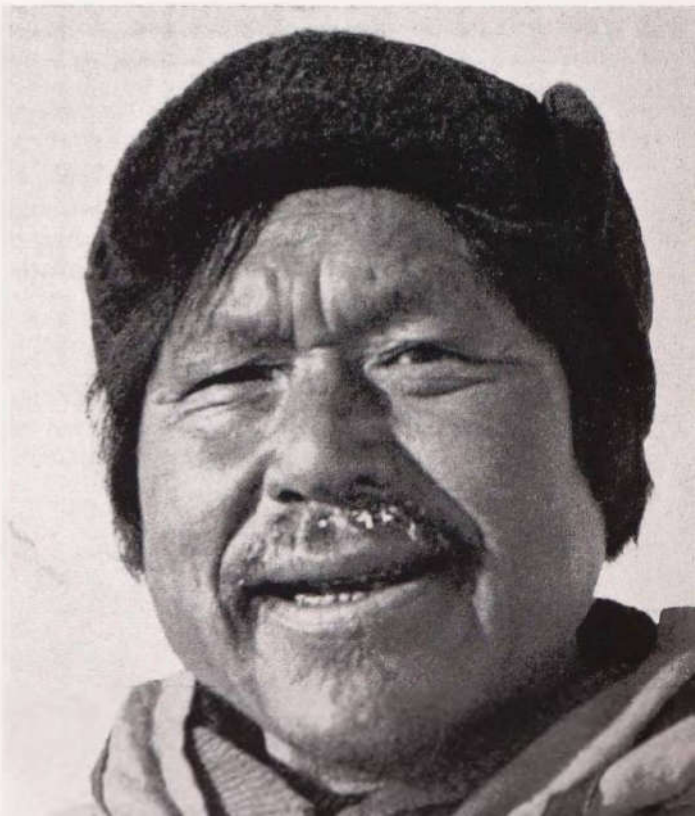


Sketch map showing Tunermiut, the "Place of the Old People" on Southampton Island, in relation to the mainland and Foxe Peninsula on Baffin Island.

up camp. It was a regal resort of four small tents and a quiet stolid relief after the hurly-burly of June's organizing and travelling. The country was beautiful—blanketed with purple saxifrage and the yellow and white of dryas, draba, buttercups and arctic poppy, the green grass and moss and multi-coloured lichens. By the end of August this regal splendour had tarnished a little so that we did not weep in departing.

The archaeological materials at Native Point constitute an embarrassment of riches. Immediately behind our camp a site of some ninety house ruins, as well as a large number of graves, has led the Aivilik Eskimo to call the locality *Tunermiut*, or "Place of the Old People." This large site was occupied for decades by the Sadlermiut Eskimo, and it was here in the winter of 1902-3 that disease destroyed them—presumably typhus contracted from a whaling station near Cape Low. In the winter of 1902, a group of Repulse Bay Aiviliks, travelling with whalers, visited Native Point and found the dead in and around the houses. In just the same manner, we found the skeletons when we first went there in 1954. The only Sadlermiut to survive the plague were a woman and four children who had been adopted earlier by the Aivilik. The last Sadlermiut was Etienne Kingak who was raised as an Aivilik and died at the Igloolik Mission in 1948.

Etienne Kingak, last of the Sadlermiut, photographed in 1947, the year before he died. C. E. Jordan



Overlapping the edge of the Sadlermiut site are a dozen scattered sod-walled remnants of "qarmat", or autumn houses, built and abandoned by Aivilik Eskimo in recent decades. In fact, one of our sled drivers had lived here as a boy in the 1920s. Also in this locale is a small midden

the early period of the Dorset culture. Radio-carbon 14 analysis carried out by the University of Pennsylvania gave the precise dating on this proto-Dorset site.

And there is still more around Tunermiut for one mile north of Ityukjuak is another site of ten old houses.

Captain Lyon's drawing of a Sadlermiut in 1824. The Eskimo came out to the ship on a float of three inflated seal-skins which he propelled by a slender paddle of whale's bone. The flint-headed arrow and two dried salmon were a peace-offering.

area, evidence of a Cape Dorset culture settlement at least 1,000 years old. Dorset culture had spread through the eastern Arctic to Greenland and down the Labrador coast to Newfoundland. This culture is believed to have begun about 600 B.C. and lasted until shortly after A.D. 1000.

A major reason for the 600 B.C. estimate for the beginning of Dorset culture was found at "Ityukjuak", a large low hill that interrupts the flat horizon east of the Sadlermiut site. This hill covers about thirty acres and all over its surface are scattered bleached animal bones and the remnants of flint tools. This flint industry, studied by Dr. Collins after the 1954-5 field work, represents

It is not proto-Dorset, nor late Dorset nor Sadlermiut, nor recent Aivilik. This small site belongs to the Thule culture, an Eskimo culture that was brought to the eastern Arctic from the north Alaskan coast about A.D. 1000. The carriers of Thule culture spread all over the eastern Arctic and completely replaced the Dorset culture. The modern Canadian Eskimo is, in very large degree, descended from the Thule population.

Thus Tunermiut is well-named for its many ruins encompass 2,500 years of prehistory. To walk among them, the scattered flint flakes, the bleached animal bones, the tumbled remnants of houses, the silent sentient stare of an Eskimo skull, is to walk with history. It is a bleak

funereal monument where men met the world and lost.

The monument is less impressive when viewed over a wet, wind-chilled nose held two feet from the ground and the perspective is not enhanced at all by a mosquito head-net.

The 1954-55 excavations had concentrated on the earlier occupations so that the 1956 target was the Sadlermiut site. The work was designed to three ends: to collect human skeletal material; to collect an adequate sample of Sadlermiut material culture, and to make an intensive study of their winter houses. On the basis of a detailed study of the surface remnants, two houses, considered to be typical for the village and well-preserved, were selected for our archaeological vivisection.

Ordinarily no archaeological interest would attach to an Eskimo village of only 54 years antiquity. However, the Sadlermiut are an anomaly in an area of relatively uniform culture and the study of anomalies in any discipline is usually a promising pursuit. The Sadlermiut were so much an exception to the cultural uniformity around them that the neighbouring tribes, the Aivilik and Igloolikmiut were well aware of the cultural distinctiveness of these islanders.

The Sadlermiut have a short and colourful history that merits a summary here. Their name derives from Capt. W. E. Parry, R. N. who in an account of his 1821-23 expedition notes that the islanders are called "Sead-ler-me-oo," a term used by the Igloolikmiut to refer to all other tribes. But Parry, although he heard their voices from his ship, never met the Sadlermiut. The first white man to meet them, and the only one too see them on Coats Island, was Capt. G. F. Lyon, R. N., who was second in command on Parry's 1821 trip. In the summer of 1824, Lyon met them and described their fishing camp on Coats Island although at the time Coats was thought to be part of Southampton Island.

The second account of a Sadlermiut visit comes from Robert Ferguson, who in 1878-9 was a young harpooner on the American whaler *Abbie Bradford*. In an excellent book, *Arctic Harpooner*, Ferguson describes two visits to summer camps on the west coast of Southampton Island. Unlike all others, Ferguson's account accuses the Sadlermiut of being, "... very clean and well-dressed with nicely-made skin clothing ...". Compare this with Aivilik informants quoted by Mathiassen in his 1927 monograph of the Fifth Thule expedition. These Aivilik knew the Sadlermiut fairly well and said they "were always sodden with blubber on body and clothes ...", "their hair was like baleen", and "they had large numbers of lice on them too." This from the Aiviliks who never won prizes for washing behind their ears.

The final eye-witness account is that of another American whaler, Capt. George Comer, who saw more of the Sadlermiut than Lyon or Ferguson. Comer estimated their total number in 1896 at about 70, and by 1902, about 58. This and their markedly diminished area of occupation suggest the Sadlermiut had been in decline for some decades before the final epidemic blow of 1902-3.

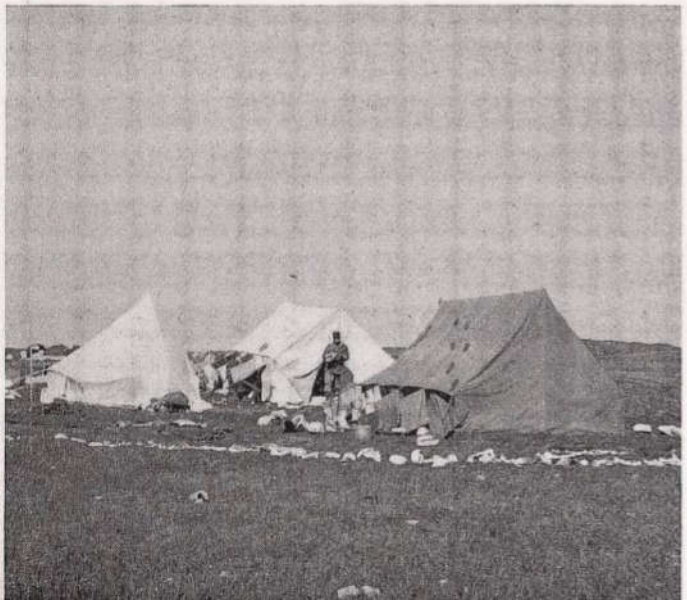
And what is the prehistory of these islanders? All observers, white man and Eskimo, agree that the Sadler-

House 49, showing the interior, and inner end of entrance passage prior to excavation.

After excavation, showing platform surface, flagstone floor, entrance passage, wall and side bench.

The house known as No. 49, prior to excavation.

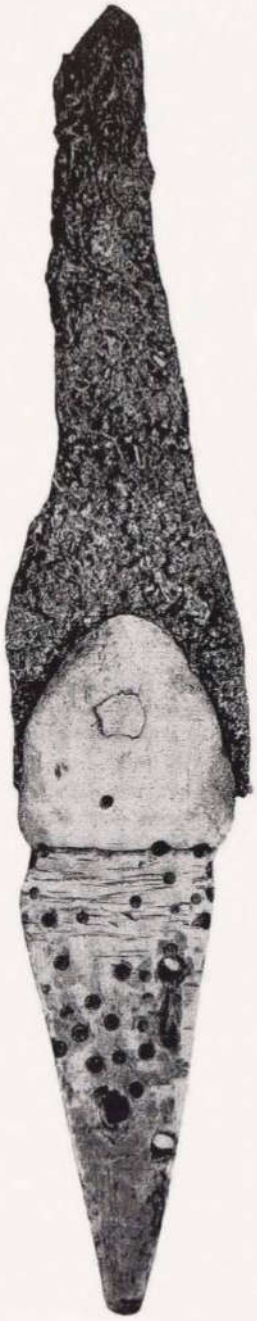
General view of the stone slab architecture of the same house, after excavation.



Native Point camp on a dry-out day.

miut were unusually isolated and different. The difference is seen in many things. They spoke a dialect similar to the Aivilik but with a markedly different intonation. They retained the old sod-and-stone winter house long after these had fallen in disuse and decay on the mainland. And, at that, Sadlermiut houses had a unique construction technique. They made blades for knives, harpoons, lances, and scrapers by chipping flint, a practice out of use for centuries among their neighbours, if indeed these had ever used flint tools. Even such details as face-tattoo patterns, clothing styles, women's hair ornaments, men's hair styles, stone lamps, and cooking pots attest the anomaly. I mentioned earlier that the study of anomalies is productive of insights. It can also produce disagreement and the Sadlermiut have to date yielded much more disagreement than insight. Nor did our summer's efforts clear the muddied puddle.

The first disagreement on Sadlermiut prehistory refers to geographic origins and here we have two views. In 1910 Capt. George Comer, writing in the Bulletin of the American Geographic Society, suggested that the first Sadlermiut reached Southampton Island by crossing Frozen Strait from the Lyon Inlet area to the north. Some later writers have agreed with this suggestion, while others, like Father G. M. Rousselière, prefer Foxe Peninsula or some other part of the east Foxe Basin coast as the original home. The cultural contrast between the Sadlermiut and the mainlanders may reflect a Baffin origin or it may only be a result of development in isola-



tion. Sadlermiut similarities to Baffin face-tattoo patterns and clothing styles hint at a Baffin origin. The geography supports Comer's view for it is easier to reach Southampton Island over Frozen Strait than over the much wider Foxe Channel. However, the Sadlermiut had neither marine charts nor topographic maps. Folklore is often a help in such semi-historical questions but what little is known of Sadlermiut folklore can be read to point either north or east for home.

The sleeping platform of one of the rooms in House 34, after excavation (above). The two pieces on the left were found frozen into the sod of this house. Nearest is the ivory foreshaft of a man's knife with metal blade. The other is an older style man's knife or dagger of bone with a blade of chipped flint.

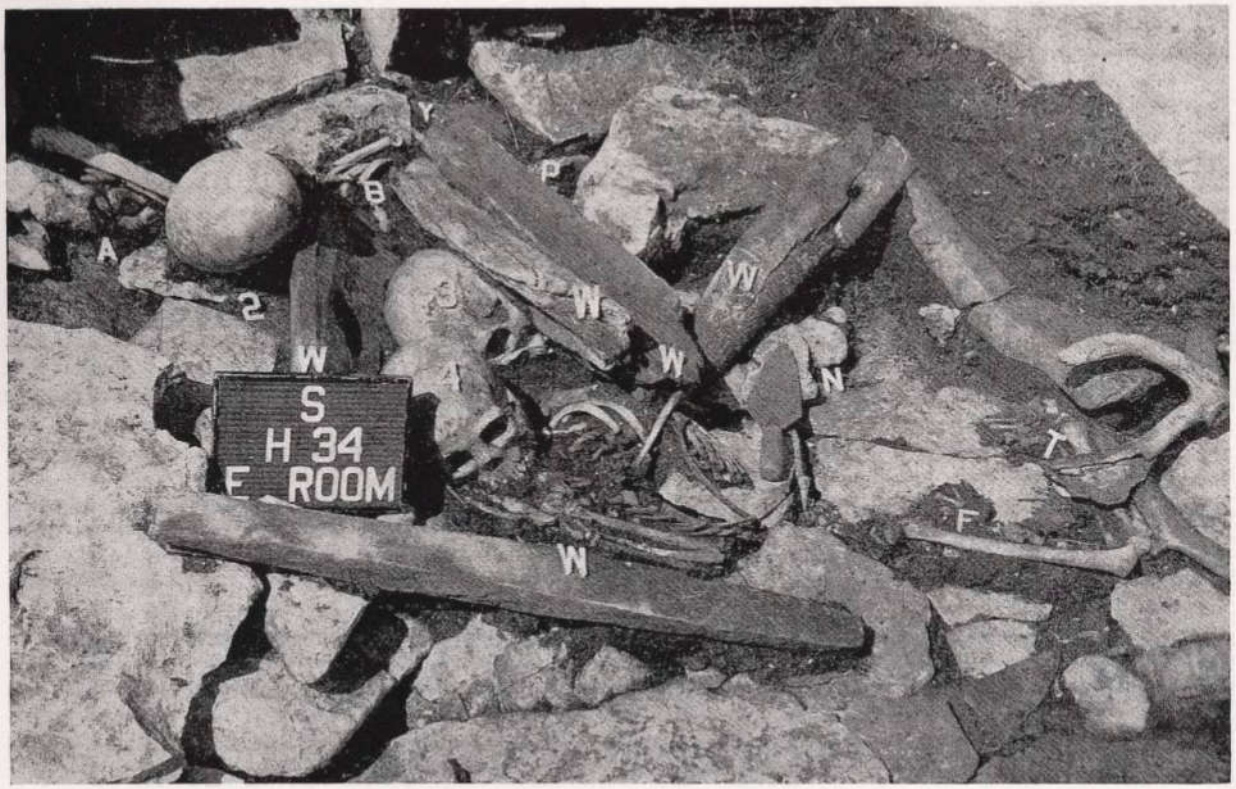
The third possibility, that the Sadlermiut developed on the island from a much earlier prehistoric population, introduces the second area of disagreement on their prehistory. Collins' work demonstrates that the island was occupied about 600 B. C. by Dorset culture people and

Bear canine tooth pendant.

that such people continued to live on Southampton Island for many centuries. Mathiassen, in his *Archaeology of the Central Eskimo*, described Southampton Island's Thule culture occupation that began not long after A. D. 1000. These two archaeologists best represent the disagreement on Sadlermiut cultural origins. Either of the two indigenous development theories could negate the problem of a geographic or migration origin. Collins has argued that the Sadlermiut anomaly occured because these people represent a culture that was originally of Dorset type. that after A. D. 1000 it was subject to considerable influence from Thule culture, which had recently migrated to the eastern Arctic from north Alaska, but that the Sadlermiut were sufficiently isolated to maintain a distinctive local stamp. Elsewhere, in the eastern Arctic Thule culture overrode and replaced its Dorset predecessor. Mathiassen, writing thirty-five years ago, was well aware of the anomaly and concluded that the Sadlermiut constituted a Thule culture group that settled in Southampton Island, hitherto unpopulated, and there, isolated for centuries, developed a culture variant, distinctive from the much less-isolated mainland. It should be noted that the Dorset culture was only first recognized and described in 1925 and that Mathiassen published his Sadlermiut views in 1927 when he was still unconvinced of the distinct and pre-Thule nature of the Dorset culture.

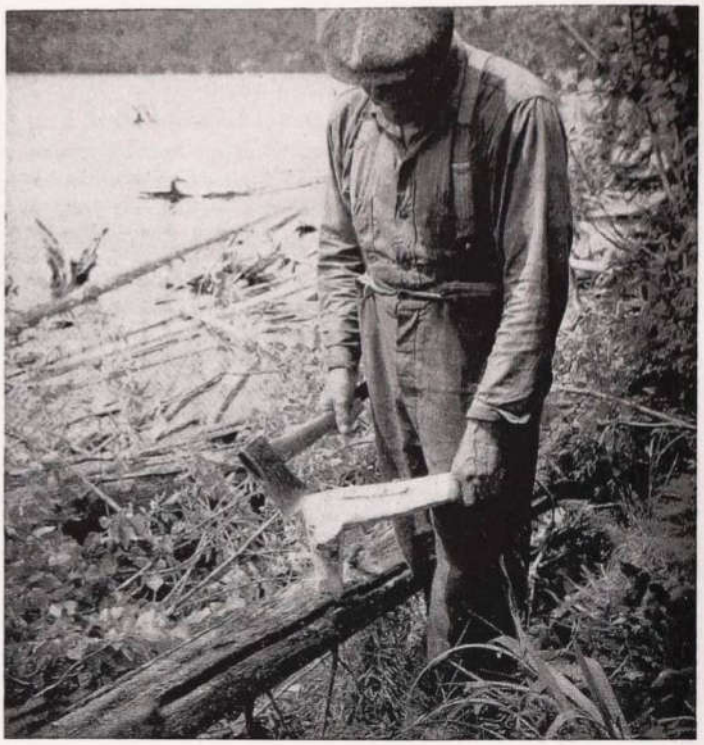
Since our 1956 work studied the Sadlermiut in their terminal status of 1902, it does not seem to hold the answers. Such may be found in studies of earlier Sadlermiut sites, like those found by Mathiassen at Duke of York Bay at the island's north end. Such early sites, showing the initial development of the Sadlermiut pattern, should reveal whether it was more like Thule culture or more like a late Dorset stage.

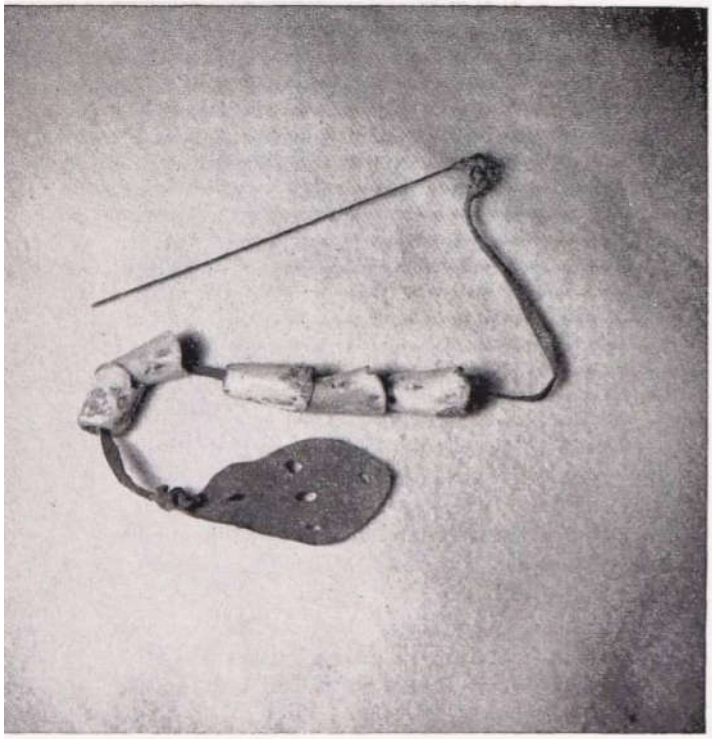
Some archaeologist may pursue these problems in the near future for they have more general implications for Arctic prehistory—but it will not be McNutt and Taylor —we have parkas to dry! ◆



Three skeletons found on sleeping platform in House 34. Fallen whale bone roof supports are marked W. At A is cache of specimens including a harpoon head with flint blade next to skull 2. Black material on the platform flagstones is remnant of moss-and-willow mattress.

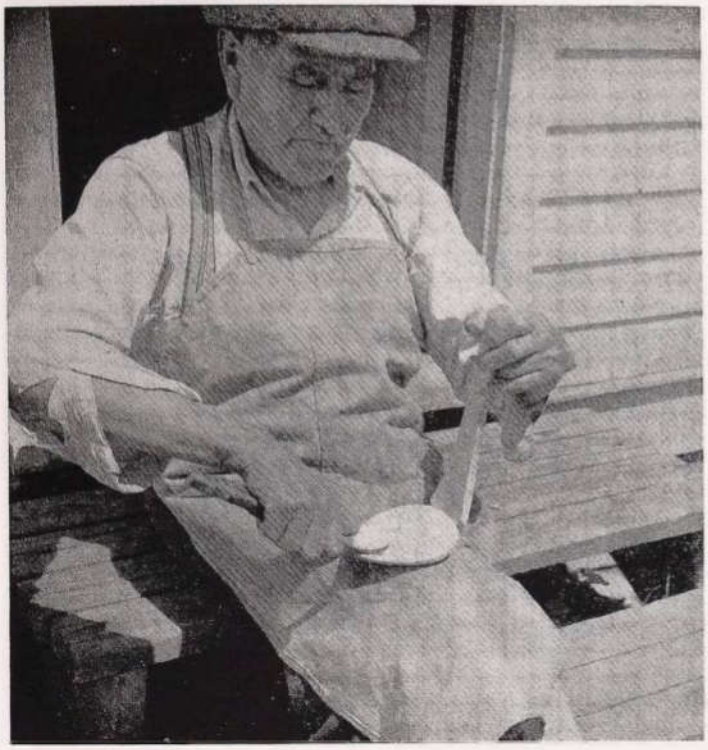
Ojibwa spoons had broad, sharply angled bowls for dipping food from big cooking pots. Here William Moore finds a white birch with the proper crook, roughs it out on the spot, then takes it home for finishing.

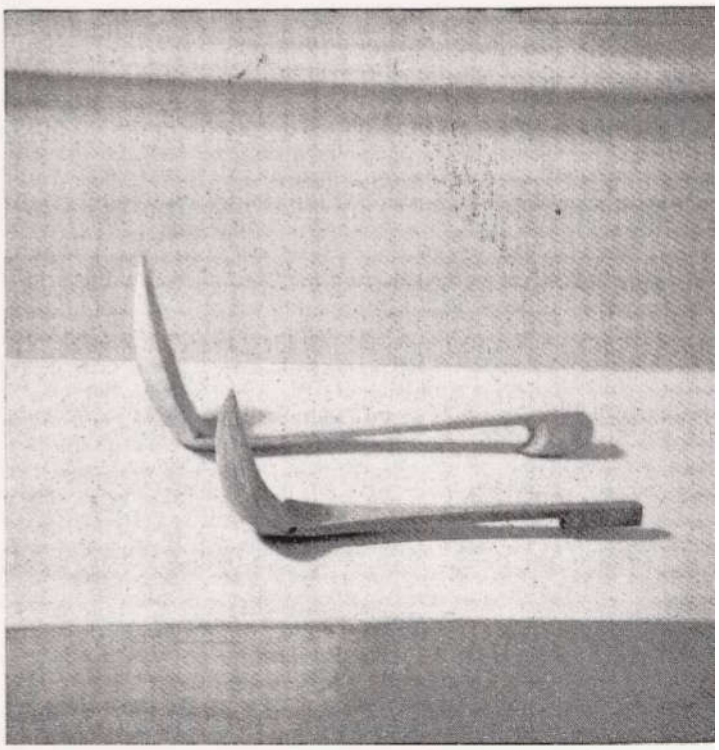




Playing the "nabahon" game, the object of which is to toss the metatarsal bones of a moose (or deer) in the air and skewer them and the leather flap with a needle. Traditionally the needle was made from the leg-bone of a lynx, but this one is a piece of steel wire.

In olden times spoons were shaped with stone knives and fire but William uses a crooked knife. These spoons, one of birch and one of black cherry, might be examples of modern design yet the pattern is centuries old.





OJIBWA CRAFTSMAN

BY JOHN MACFIE

ON his mother's side, William Moore's grandfather was a renowned builder of birch bark freight canoes in the Lake Abitibi region, and his father's father, the son of an Englishman, spent sixty years in the employ of the Hudson's Bay Company. Combining the skill with wood inherited from one ancestor and the industriousness of the other, he learned the carpentering trade and practised it for a working lifetime helping build the towers of the industrial age that dawned in northeastern Ontario at about the same time William became a young man. He is now 70 years old and living alone at the Mattagami Reserve on a branch of the Moose River, and the rope-handled pine chest that he built in 1911 to carry his tools from job to job has found a permanent resting place in the living room of his house. Now the situation is reversed, and William combines native craftsmanship and English sense of tradition to re-create the Ojibwa articles that were in use during his childhood, but which have been largely forgotten by his neighbours.

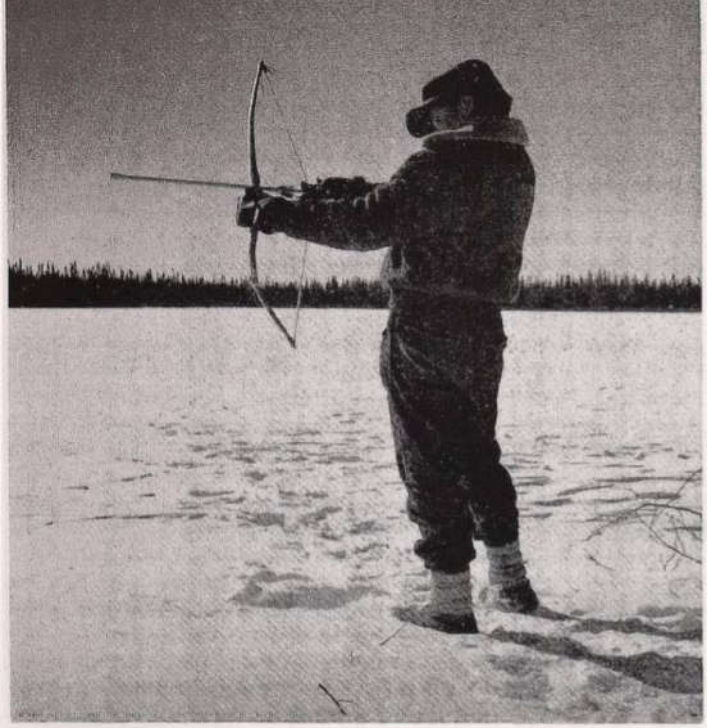
There is little of practical value among the things William makes of the raw material so carefully selected from the forest flanking Mattagami Lake. His birch paddles sell fairly well at $2.50 apiece, and bands of small boys occasionally drop by his house to play with one of his games of skill, but too many hours of work go into his pieces of basketry for them to compete in the tourist souvenir trade. William's practical life is behind him, however; with a small trapline, a garden and the old age pension to support him, he is free to be an artist for art's sake.

Mr. Macfie is a conservation officer with the Ontario Department of Lands and Forests, stationed in Northern Ontario.

The bit of tinder wedged in the board below this bow-drill fire-maker is dried bracket fungus, called "pus-sag'-on." When prepared with boiling water and drunk it is said by William to be a purifier of the blood.

WILLIAM MOORE

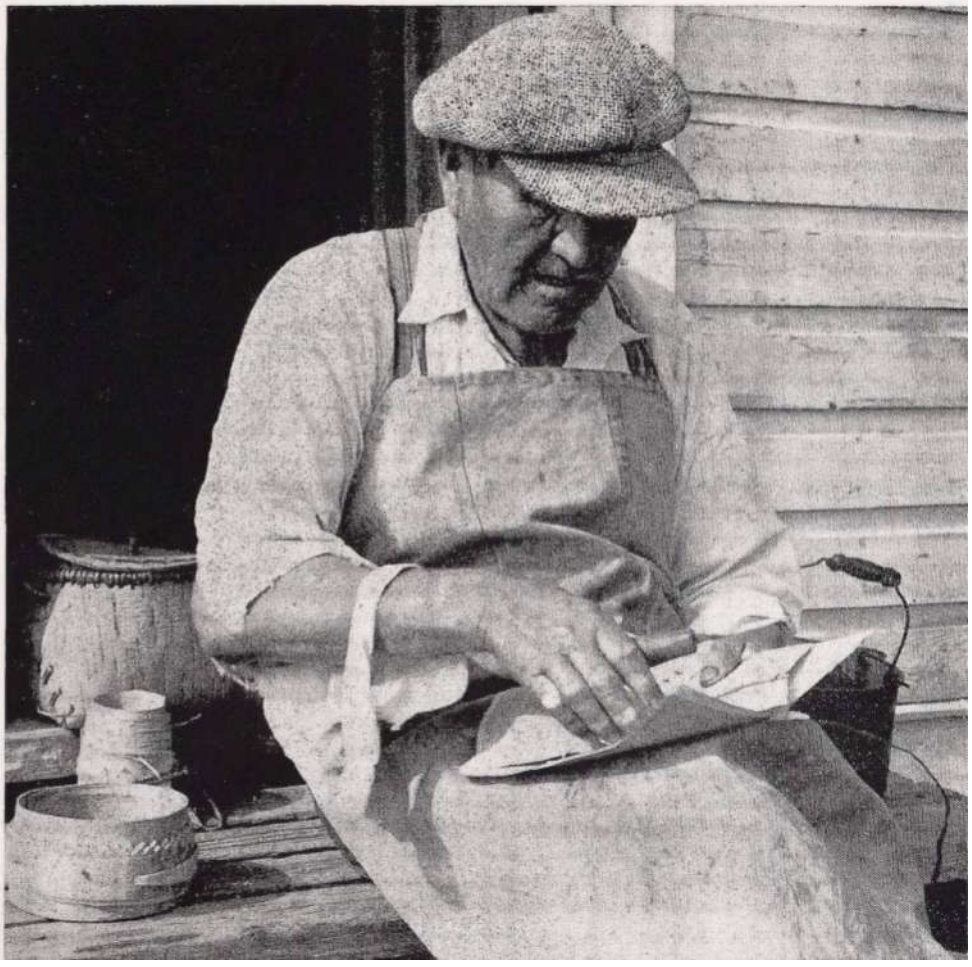
OJIBWA CRAFTSMAN



A cedar bow and "bunt" arrow for stunning small game. The boy has killed a whiskeyjack (Canada jay) with this.

The curved knife is used in shaping a canoe paddle, the only one of William's crafts that pays in cash.

All sorts of containers were made by the Ojibwa from birch bark; trays and baskets for serving food, storing wild rice, gathering fruit; watertight vessels for cooking. They suited the nomadic people better than earthenware pots because they were light yet durable. The bark William Moore is peeling from the tree will be sewn with spruce root he has pulled from the ground like rope and split into thongs. William makes these containers for reasons of sentiment.



IN the town of Winterburn, Alberta there is a most unusual museum. A small building on the farm of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Fraser houses dozens of relics of the romantic days when the Hudson's Bay Company ruled the great northwest.

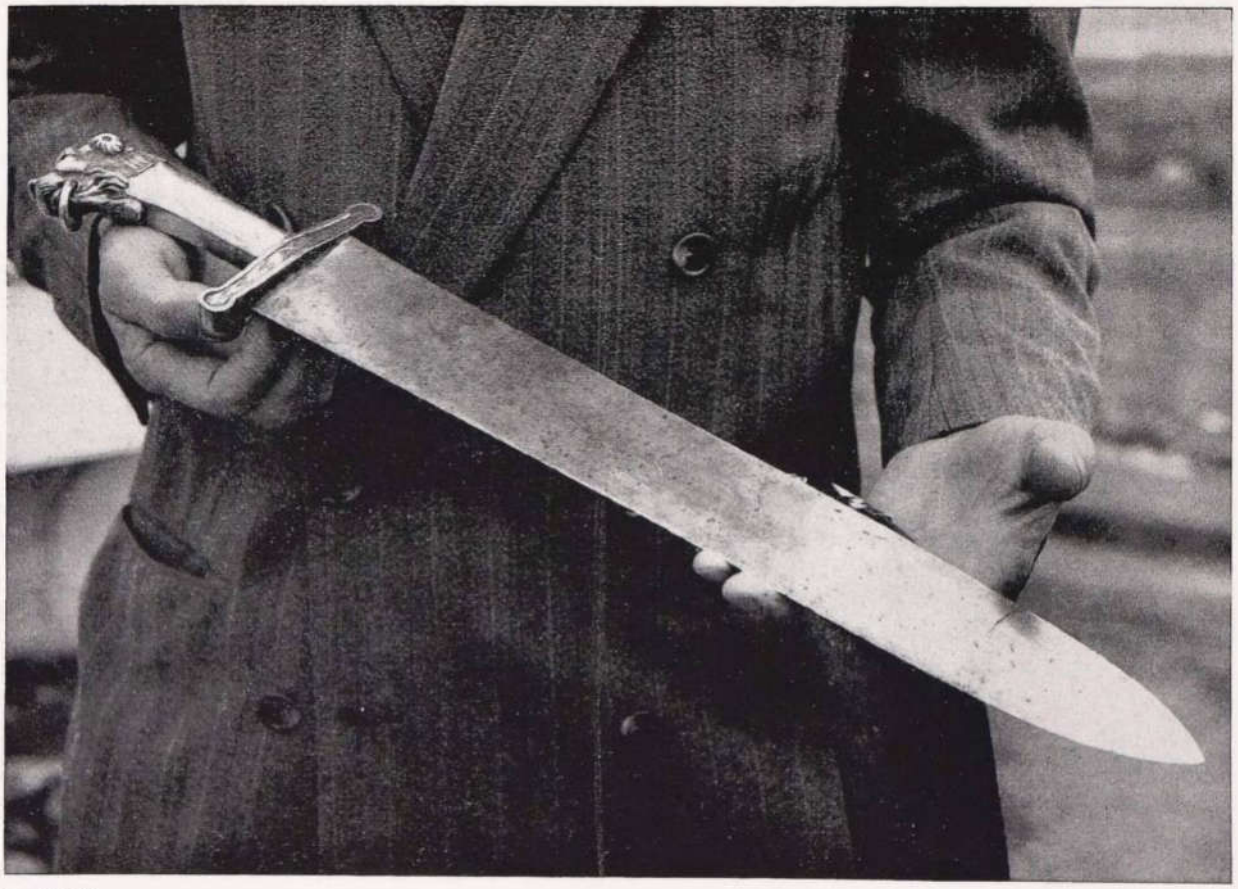
Robert is the grandson of Colin Fraser, the man who gained lasting fame as bagpiper to Sir George Simpson. Here is the broadsword given to Colin by the great man himself; copper kettles, collapsible Hudson's Bay packing boxes, and exquisite Indian beadwork, so old as to be irreplaceable. The Indians have long since forgotten many of their ancient arts, but the Frasers, who take an intense interest in the old days of the forts, have salvaged from among the many members of the Fraser clan, these valuable and historic articles.

One priceless piece is a pemmican bag one hundred and twenty-five years old. Made of sweetgrass and linen thread and hand dyed, no seam can be found. A woven basket was retrieved from a rubbish heap by Mrs. Fraser and carefully lacquered to preserve it. Among many other items are axes with the early stamp of the Hudson's Bay Company, ancient sleigh bells, oxen yokes, early cooking utensils of our pioneers, a quaint harmonium brought to the west by Red River cart.

Colin would be about twenty or twenty-two years old when he arrived at York Factory in the month of August 1827. Governor Simpson wrote to John George McTavish, the chief factor "he does not expect or understand that he is to be a labourer but an upper or better kind of Servant: do me the favour to show him a little indulgence, he might be useful about the Stores or in the Stewards Department".

In the possession of the present Frasers is a letter from a William Borraick, who was a blacksmith, both at Fort Edmonton and Lac St. Anne and who married Colin's oldest daughter. It tells how Colin came to be engaged:

"I remember the late Colin Fraser as a clerk in charge of Lake St. Anne's fort when I worked there, and he told



David Miller

The broadsword given by George Simpson to his piper, Colin Fraser.

An impression of the Governor travelling with his piper, from a painting by Cyrus Cuneo.

me he came to this country as piper to Sir George Simpson and that when he was about to be employed in Scotland there were three men competed for the situation, the test being to walk ahead of the carriage and continue to play for twenty miles to the place of embarking, and that he alone succeeded and was employed. Also that his father used to go in a vessel trading. He had a twin brother Simon, sisters Betsie and Margaret. He used to write to Betsie and send locks of his children's hair."

We know that Colin stayed that winter at York Factory and worked as a steward. His salary was a munificent £30 per annum. J. Rae, the Hudson's Bay representative at Stromness in Scotland was told to make out the contract and "advance the young man £15, perhaps £20 at the utmost." He sailed on the *Prince of Wales*, and presumably whiled away some of the time by entertaining the passengers with his bagpipes.

It was early in the summer of 1828 that he took his first trip with Simpson, to the Columbia. On the same

COLIN FRASER LIVES ON

BY IRIS ALLAN

Millie and Robert Fraser display a robe of wolverine pelts, made in 1880, now in their museum.

Rulers used to measure furs. Collapsible freighting box. Kettle and frying pan used by Henry Fraser on freighting trips. Colin's muzzle-loader, and ironware from William Borraick's forge. *David Miller*

voyage was Archibald McDonald, who kept a diary. He called Colin "a decent young man recently of the Highlands". Then he goes on to tell of the first tunes played by Colin and remarked that they did not go as well with the paddle as the songs of the voyageurs. But their entry into Norway House, the first stop, obviously created a sensation. Attired in full Highland costume, kilts swinging and pipes skirling, he presented a sight never before been seen by the Indians who stared in wonder. He preceded the entourage of the famous Simpson, that great actor, who himself would be attired in top hat and grand clothes that he donned before entrance to a fort. He had always known how to make a brilliant entrance, but this surely exceeded them all.

It seems that on the return Colin stayed for a short time at Fort Garry which Simpson reached in May 1829. Colin was made Steward at York Factory in 1829, and served at Churchill in 1830, going to the Saskatchewan District in 1831. Either that year or the next, he married Nancy Gaudry, daughter of Lizelle and Joseph Cheetelaine, who was the tailor at Fort Carlton. This may be the same "Mr. Chantelaine" who was in charge at Fort Pitt when Milton and Cheadle stopped there on their notable journey.

Colin and Nancy's first child was born in 1833, to be followed by eleven others, four boys, John, Simon, Colin and Henry, and eight daughters.

George Simpson, with his ability to size up men, realized that Colin, although one of the best, did not possess the tenacity and the force of character necessary for a post of great responsibility. He sent Colin to take charge of Jasper House in 1835-6 and there he remained for fourteen years.

In 1846 Father De Smet visited the Frasers there and recorded that he baptized his "lady and four of his children."

On May 1st of 1850 Colin wrote to Simpson asking to be removed from this post where he had "been now fourteen years and going about every summer through a very rough country with a large family." The ex-piper would be now in his early forties, an aging man in those days. The rigours of the "rough country" were telling on him.

Simpson could be ruthless and cruel, but he could be kind too. He had not forgotten his piper. Colin was appointed to the charge of Fort Assiniboine for outfit 1850-51. If this post was certainly no less "rough" than Jasper House, his duties would not be so difficult and

there would be help. He stayed there for three seasons, then asked for the post at Lesser Slave Lake. "As for speaking with crees and trading with crees I could do well enough," he stated modestly.

Again Simpson agreed that Colin take charge there where he wrote that he thought "the Fraser family would be very comfortable". This seemed to be true for excepting for one year at Fort Edmonton where he acted as Post Master, he stayed at Lesser Slave Lake for the next eight years.

A letter in possession of Robert and Millie Fraser today was received by Colin while at this post and proves that he had more family in Scotland than mentioned in William Borraick's letter. It also points to the possibility that at least one other member of the same family had immigrated to the United States. In a few brief paragraphs it shows pride of family, great independence and, perhaps, a touch of loneliness: It was written by Hugh Fraser at Glenhain, 14 June 1861, and reads:

Dear Brother Colin;

"This is to let you know that I am wel and my family also hoping that this will find you and your family the same. My son Simon (another Simon!) is not come home yet.

"I sent two sheep skins to you last year there is a lad one Rory Macleod in my house right now he is engege for five years in your Company if you see him do what you can as he is a desant study [steady] lad if he had the beast carickter if you get him where you are you never get the like of him. He is a native of Assynt I cano give him better carickter than he deserves.

"Sandy your brother and his family are wel you ought to wright to me more letters than you do I don't hear from America at all none howiver I have plenty to eat and drink thank the Giver of all goods for i understand there is a great sheck in your hand By your last letter I can go Round connel yet medling fast I have my youngest son at home Norman Colin Thomas are Gamekeepers in Sutherland they are all weloff if I was in need every one of them would Give me the last penny they had wright soon."

That Captain John Palliser in the course of his explorations met Colin Fraser is indicated in this letter to Colin written by Palliser at the National Club in London on 30 November 1861:

"Pray present my thanks to your daughters for the beautiful needlework they have so kindly sent to me. I trust the day may arrive when I can thank them in person.

Beadwork from part of the collection at the Fraser Museum. Straps of powder horn and shot pouch were crossed on shoulder. The horsetail is still occasionally seen at Indian dances. *David Miller*

"I have sent to Fenchurch St. *i.e.* Hudson's Bay House for a set of Field pipes by the best maker. I hope they will be satisfactory & you will greatly oblige me by letting me know if they arrive safe and also let me know whenever you want music or any little thing from the civilized world and I will have great pleasure in forwarding them."

The family now believe these bagpipes were for one of the Fraser boys. In forty years it would not be unreasonable to believe that the original pipes would be somewhat the worse for wear. But it was traditional that at least one lad in a Scottish household should play, and assuming that they did "arrive safe" they would be the bagpipes that are now in possession of Fred Fraser of Fort Chipewyan.

The above letter is written as from friend to friend and Colin's daughter Margaret married Joe MacDonald who accompanied Captain Palliser in 1858 on the second expedition which took them through the Saskatchewan country. Son of a Hudson's Bay interpreter and steersman, Joe MacDonald's career was an intensely interesting one. He eventually settled down opposite Fort Edmonton, in a district known as Strathcona with Margaret and family.

Father of the present Robert Fraser of Winterburn was Henry. Born at Fort Edmonton in the year 1854 he followed his father in the employ of the Hudson's Bay Company. Utensils now in the collection are said to have made no less than nine trips to Winnipeg while he worked as a freighter. Some of these exhibition pieces are still in use, for Robert and Millie take a trip each summer, camping outdoors as their forefathers did. The copper kettle travels with them. When they return it is again placed in the museum.

In 1862 Colin was placed in charge of the post at Lac St. Anne's where he remained until his death five years later. In 1863 he had distinguished company. Cheadle and Milton passed that way and wrote:

"Mr. Colin Fraser, the Company's officer, treated us very kindly, gave us milk, potatoes, and delicious fresh white-fish, and amused us over our evening pipes by stories of the good old times, when the wood buffalo were found in plenty as far as Peace River, and game so abundant that starvation was unknown. He had been thirty eight years in the country, seventeen of which he had spent at the solitary post of Jasper House, and told us that Cariboo deer and bighorns were so numerous when he first went there, that a green hand and a boy supplied the establishment with ample provision during one winter, when the regular hunter had died. Mr. Fraser had not seen Fort Garry for thirty years, and for fifteen had not been further than Edmonton, yet he was happy and contented as possible."

An old plate of Nancy Fraser, wife of Colin the piper.

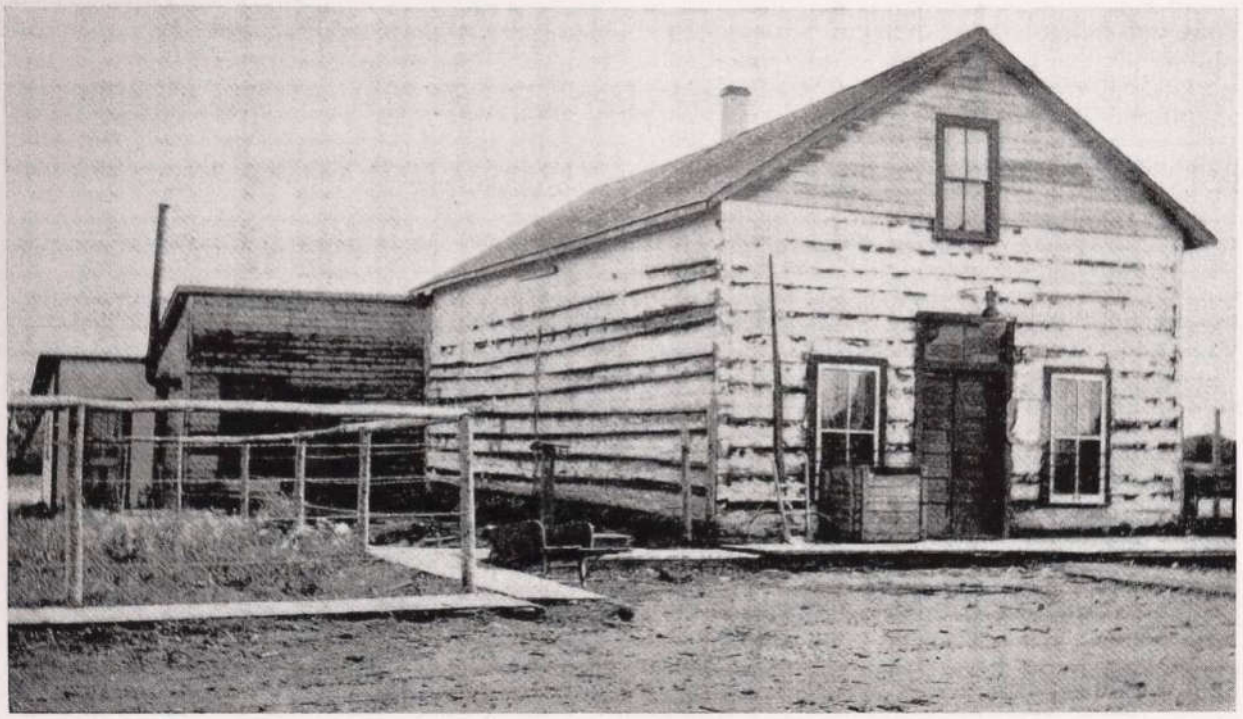
The "seventeen years" was really fourteen. Whether this was an error on Cheadle and Milton's part, or the reminiscence of an older man who makes the best of a tale isn't clear.

Colin Fraser died at Lac St. Anne very suddenly on April 19th, 1867. Chief Factor W. J. Christie of Fort Edmonton recorded the sad event in his Edmonton journal that a messenger had arrived "bringing the melancholy intelligence of the awfully sudden death of Mr. Colin Fraser . . . he dropped down dead suddenly, was in perfect health at the time. He has been a faithful honest Servant for 40 years—his age is about 60. He leaves a Large Family . . . some of them yet young and several Daughters grown up unmarried."

His body was brought to Fort Edmonton for burial, and the service on April 23rd was read by the Reverend George McDougall, pioneer missionary to the west. His body rested there in the graveyard of the Methodist Mission which was later built over and the body moved to Edmonton cemetery.

A plain black tombstone, said to have been sent from Scotland, was put up after the removal by his son Colin, with a simple inscription "to the memory of Colin Fraser of the Hudson's Bay Company's service".

Nancy Fraser survived her husband by many years. She died in May 1900 at the age of eighty-seven, and



The H B C store at Lac St. Anne's in 1910. Colin Fraser was in charge of this post for the last five years of his life. *Ernest Brown Coll. Alberta Govt.*

was buried beside her husband. Beside them lies a tiny grandson, Ernest.

In the '80s, Henry, the youngest son, began a long series of correspondence to try to trace his father's family, but with little success. A letter from Norman Fraser of Kildonan, Sutherlandshire, written in June 1882 is inaccurate as to the date, but confirms that Assynt was the place of Colin's birth. He wrote:

"Colin Fraser was born in Kirkton in the parish of Assynt, Sutherlandshire about 1794 but I am uncertain as to the exact time as there were no register of births kept in Sutherlandshire at that time. His father's name was John Fraser and his grandfather is Simon Fraser who lived at Creanich at the head of Loch Sluir.

"I do not think that John Fraser was ever in Nova Scotia [this must have been an inquiry as to whether he had ever sailed to Canada—the sailing vessel mentioned in William Borraick's statement] but he was for some time in the Sutherland Fencibles when that regiment was in Ireland.

"There are two brothers and a sister of your father's still alive in Sutherlandshire. One brother and two sisters went to Canada where one sister died. . . . My uncle Colin *was* a bagpipe player."

The Fraser family are widely scattered now. Fred, son of Colin the second, still resides at Fort Chipewyan. His father was born at Jasper House in 1850, which must have been shortly before the family moved to Fort Assiniboine. He operated a string of trading posts in that district and made Chipewyan his headquarters. "Father and I could both speak Cree fluently and had a fair knowledge of the Chipewyan language. This proved a great asset to us in all our transactions with the Indians." He goes on to say that in spite of the heavy competition from the Hudson's Bay Company and the Northern Traders, he and his father managed to build a nest egg sufficient to care for them in their old age.

Robert's father Henry was an able and intelligent employee of the Hudson's Bay. When he retired from their service he farmed in the Winterburn area a short distance from the city of Edmonton, and bequeathed his sons his property. Like his father before him, he died of a heart attack in the year 1927.

Colin Fraser will always be remembered as the piper to a very great man in the history of our country. In his service to the Hudson's Bay Company he carried on quietly and without personal gain. His life touched many whose names are famous in the northwest, among them Paul Kane, Father De Smet, Reverend George McDougall, Captain Palliser, John Rowand, Dr. Cheadle, Lord Milton. Who can say that he did not play a part, in an entirely different way, equal to that of his famous master? ◆

MOOSE-SKIN BOAT

Photographs by

James H. Bond

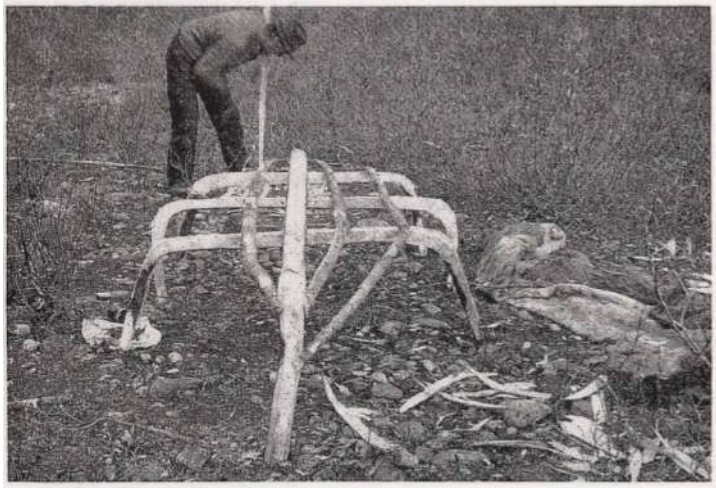
A few years ago an American hunter went into the wilderness mountain region of central Yukon. With two Indian guides and horses, the party packed in from Mayo Landing to the headwaters of the Wind and Carpenter Rivers. Two months later, after studying big-game conditions and collecting record moose, caribou, and sheep heads, the return journey began. By then the muskeg had thawed and travel was almost impossible. The horses, heavily laden with trophies that replaced supplies, sank and floundered in grasping boggy ground. It was obvious that the trophies must be discarded or the party take to the river, as the guides advised. After crossing the mountains the horses were unloaded by Carpenter Creek, which flowed to the Beaver, which flowed to the Stewart River and so to Mayo Landing. One guide would return with the horses, the other in the boat. The Indians knew how to build a boat from wilderness materials and they set to work with speed and dexterity, fashioning a craft in the Kutchin style with flat bottom and straight sides. Moose-hide boats were traditionally made by the Indians of the Yukon and the Mackenzie valley when other materials were unavailable.

1. One works on the frame while the other fleshes a moose hide.

8. Roped through rapids. The voyage of 250 miles ended safely at Mayo Landing.

2. The frozen subsoil causes the spruce roots to curve sharply outward about two feet below the surface. The Indian guide takes advantage of this in making the ribs of the canoe.

3. Bullet holes and tears in the green moose-hides are repaired with fishing twine and a needle. Seams and rips were sealed with moose tallow and resin which hardened in the water.



4. The framework is made of black spruce, the only tools used being axe and hunting knife. There is no metal in the construction except 24 horseshoe nails which were reluctantly used.

5. Lashing the two green skins to the frame with moosehide thongs is the easiest part of the canoe-building. Taut and well sealed it withstood rapids and pounding rocks without leaking.

6. The last step, whittling a paddle out of tough black spruce.

7. Launched and loaded, ready for two men, hunter and guide.

Picnics were good fun. This one, about 1895, was held near Brandon. *Manitoba Archives*

PRAIRIE MEMORIES

BY JOHN A. STEVENSON

AT the Imperial Conference in Ottawa in 1932 some observations by the Chairman of the Scottish Board of Agriculture moved the late Lord Bennett to ask curtly: "How, Sir Robert, do you know anything about farming on our prairies?" To which Sir Robert Greig replied: "I wish I had $100 for every load of wheat that I have driven into Moosomin."

Greig's knowledge was gained in his youth on a farm in southeastern Saskatchewan—the Northwest Territories as it then was. After some years in the West, Robin Greig returned to Scotland where he was in time appointed to the Land Commission and finally to the Board of Agriculture. An outstanding Scot, Sir Robert Greig, M.C., LL.D., on his death in 1947 received the following tribute in the *London Spectator:* "There are some rare people in the world, who by their integrity, public spirit, humanity and unassuming dignity leave everyone who meets them the better for the contact. They are all too few and the death of Sir Robert Greig last week leaves them fewer still."

Robert Greig was born in Fifeshire in 1874, the son of a prosperous farmer. Well educated, in 1893 he abandoned his course at Edinburgh University when he was 18 to try his fortune in Western Canada. After some farming experience near Brandon, Manitoba, he was employed by John MacQueen, a fellow Scot, who owned several sections near Carievale west of the Manitoba border as well as a farm in Scotland. Greig never forgot his early years at Carievale and in these extracts from the autobiography he never completed are reminiscences of prairie farm life in the nineties.

Now semi-retired freelance, Mr. Stevenson was formerly chief correspondent in Canada for The Times.

An Orange Day parade was the occasion for a smartly dressed turn-out. 1890. *Manitoba Archives*

The owner was away when Greig wrote: "Back on the farm I had two main problems. The first to induce the men to stay on without wages to finish the sowing and do the summer work and the second to induce a local storekeeper to provide food for them for a month on credit. I sent for the foreman, put all my cards on the table, and pointed out that if they left now they would get nothing but if they stayed on they would be paid when the Boss came out before harvest. The foreman said he would go into a huddle with the men and let me know. He came back in half an hour and said that he and all the men had decided to stick to me. So far so good. Then I approached the two local storekeepers. The first emphatically refused to provide food on credit, but the second on my description of the honesty and integrity of the owner, whom I knew personally, finally decided to take a chance. So I was all set for the summer.

"From the time I dealt with the men and the storekeeper it was fairly plain sailing. As we did not need all the twenty-four horses on the farm, I sent some of them to graze on a ranch twenty miles away and with the rest we had to break and backset about 400 acres of primeval prairie about two miles from the homestead. The men needed no supervision. Each man had to plough nine rounds a day. Each round was a mile out and a mile in, so each man ploughed eighteen miles a day and all I had to do was to count the furrows at night. Professional pride and public opinion took care of the quality of the work. The foreman and I, having no supervision to worry us, worked together digging out boulders on the yet unploughed land. How I hated it. We dug round the boulders to loosen them, then pried them to the surface with long levers and collected them on sleds and deposited them on the side of the road allowance—in a temperature of from 90 to 100 degrees amid myriads of mosquitoes."

Greig describes how he rented from the government a slough on which there was a fine crop of natural grass of good height and took many tons of hay off it for winter feed. He had some trouble with the farm hands and was greatly relieved when the owner, MacQueen, arrived and took charge in person. Thereupon Greig took a spare team of horses and worked long hours in the fields with the other men. He also planted a garden and had a good crop of potatoes, onions, cabbages, and other vegetables in prospect when it was devastated by a severe hailstorm. Luckily the swath of ruin which it cut was narrow and so it did little harm to the wheat, which looked like a 20-bushel crop. But just as the grains were forming and about to harden in the ear, there blew up from the south a parching hot dry wind. "It was," wrote Greig, "maddening, tragic,

Four-horse teams pulling prairie ploughs. C.N.R.

almost pathetic to watch the beautiful wheat wilting and fading under the drought." The result was a crop of nine bushels per acre instead of at least twenty, but it was the best crop for 100 miles around. On the whole Greig counted it a good summer.

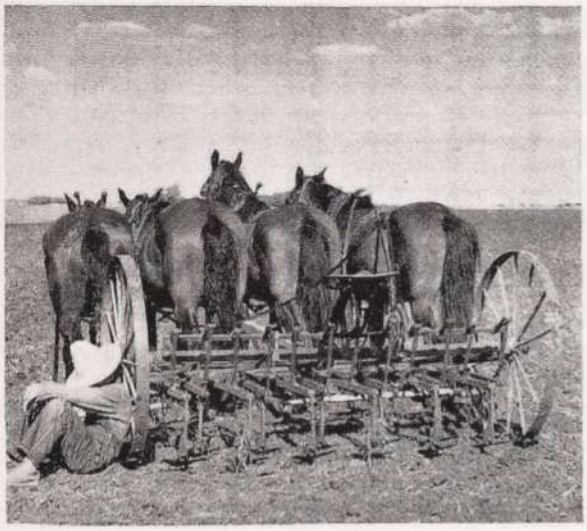
"I was as fit as a fiddle, had made good friends, and life had not been all work and no play. Swimming in the creek on Sundays, pony races on the Queen's birthday, the agricultural show and township picnics with dancing in the moonlight helped to alleviate the daily grind. The picnics were good fun. The rendezvous would be beside some creek. Boards would be collected from the local lumberman and a dance floor constructed. The food supply was the prerogative and pride of the women and surely no housewife in the world can produce such wonders as a Canadian woman from some flour, butter, sugar, and tins of canned fruit. As every kind of pie appeared, open, criss-crossed, and turned over, the women would watch with jealous eyes. Girls were in the proportion of one to five, so there were no wallflowers. When dawn was not far off the wagons would lumber away with the girls asleep on the floorboards, danced to a standstill. The young sparks would mount their ponies and depart singing, perhaps to ride 30 miles to their work. We were all young then, even the grey-beards."

MacQueen went home in the fall to attend to his affairs in Scotland and left Greig, who was only 19, in charge of the farm at Carievale. Greig discharged all the farm workers except one, whom he kept to look after the horses, and found a settler and his wife called Ross, whose farm had been lost through crop failure and foreclosure, willing to come and keep house for him for $5 a month and their board.

"Here then were the four of us frozen in for the winter. But before crawling into our holes, metaphorically, a neighbour and I decided to have a day and a half on the Souris River about 20 miles away. We got there about noon in my buckboard with the bronco, tethered her in a poplar grove and proceeded to fill a wheat bag with prairie chickens. We were both fair shots and the birds were in thousands. We camped beside the bronco and cooked a meal and then looked round for sleeping quarters. All we could see was a small haystack beside the river, provision doubtless made by some small rancher for his cattle. We dug a deep hole into the haystack at ground level and, with our boots wrapped in our jackets as pillows, slept soundly and warmly.

"The prairies were great game country in those days" writes Greig. "I have seen the sky as far as the eye could reach, north, south, east and west, covered with geese

Machines began to supplant horses in the 80s. This one is pulling seed drills. C.N.R.



flying south almost wing to wing. On some of the small lakes a man could fill a canoe with duck in a few hours. In the wooded parts there were deer and bear, but we seldom saw them on the baldheaded prairie, where our staple game was prairie chicken and jack rabbit, but to my housekeeper jack rabbit was vermin and she would never cook it for me.

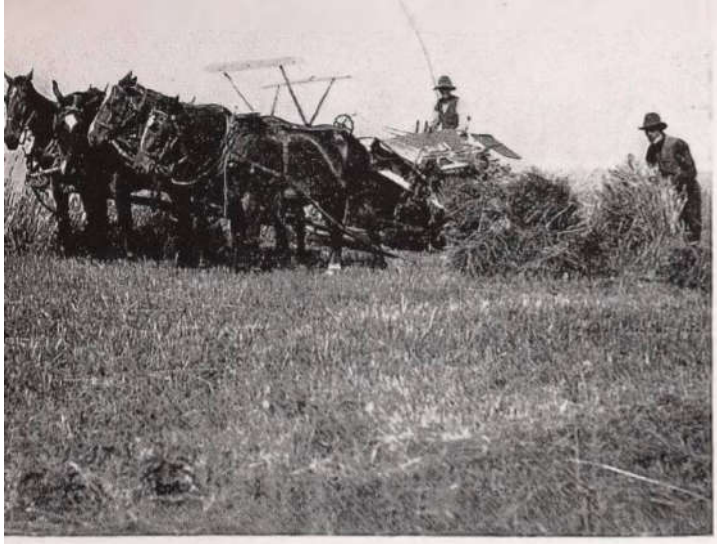
"In the winter except for feeding the horses, cooking for the human beings and keeping the house warm there was no routine work. I bought one side of a bullock for a cent per lb. It was hung in an outhouse and a chunk cut, hacked or sawn out of this frozen carcass as required. The alternative was salt bacon or ham and we soon found it was easier to get tired of beef than of bacon. We had no potatoes or other vegetables but nobody seemed the worse and I put on weight. As for the winter amusements, there was skating on the creek for a few days until the ice was covered with snow, and tobogganing down a steep bank of the creek. There were also the dances. At one dance a sleigh load of girls got lost, so five girls had to dance with twenty-five men. As the dance began about eight and continued until near daylight so that people could see the trail home, these were five of the weariest girls I ever saw when dawn broke. The dances were nearly all square or figure dances and the figures were called by a caller, who gave his instructions more or less in time with the tune. Waltzes were frowned upon in our part of the world as being too intimate.

"There was one Joe Richardson in our township, a bachelor, who farmed a quarter section. He was a great rifle shot and at a turkey shoot he scored so many bull's-eyes that he came home with more turkeys than he could

The men gather for stack threshing, about 1895. *Saskatchewan Archives*

hope to eat. So he decided to give a party in his one-roomed shack, which however, had a loft above. His plates and cutlery were practically nil, so he and his neighbours' wives boiled the turkeys to be served cold. There was lashings of tea of course and pies and doughnuts and what-not made by the women. We ate the turkey and the pies with our fingers and shared tin mugs and cups with the tea. There was an abundance of good food, even if it was crudely served. There was also whisky available, but it was in the loft 'for men only', because (*a*) no woman in our township would admit a liking for 'a quick one' in public and (*b*) no woman in our township would display her legs in climbing an almost vertical ladder. The one room was the only place to dance in and was it crowded! There was a huge Swede, a section man, much admired for his strength because he could lift a rail singlehanded, and a Mrs. B. by far the stoutest and heaviest woman for miles around. When these two danced together the foundations trembled. Two of us had to stand by the stove lest it separate from the stove pipe or jiggle itself across the floor boards. It was 'a lichtsome nicht' as we say in Scotland. No one got drunk or, if anyone did, they were left aloft and so I did not see them.

"As spring approached I had to find a foreman as the last one was not available. Jack, who had been horse-keeper all winter, was my choice and he deserves description. He came of a farming family in Dumfriesshire in Scotland and, deserting a shop in Edinburgh where he was employed, had enlisted in the Scots Greys. When the North West Mounted Police was being formed in 1874, he



Cutting and stooking, in the days when horses worked the farm. *Manitoba Archives*

Brown's Livery Stable in Moosomin, about 1890, formerly the Ontario House hotel. *Saskatchewan Archives*

volunteered for it and was with it for many years. That winter, although he was a reticent man, I gouged out of him stories of some of his experiences. He had been through the Riel Rebellion and had known Jerry Potts, son of a Scot and an Indian of the Piegan tribe, who was employed by the Police for years as guide, scout, and interpreter. Latterly Jack had risen to be driver for Commissioner Irvine and with him had gone through many adventures by flood and fell. He claimed that once in haste to meet Sitting Bull, the famous Sioux Chief, he had driven Col. Irvine 400 miles in four days with the same four horses. Jack claimed this was a record."

Greig met a number of "remittance men," some of whom he describes, and this is his verdict: "Remittance men were mostly misfits. They would have been happier if they had not been educated beyond their ability and been allowed to adopt some manual occupation, which they enjoyed. The son of an English bishop disappeared from an office in a western town, where he had good prospects and after some days was found driving a brewer's wagon and living among teamsters. He said that was what he liked and he would not return to a 'white collar' job. A scion of the aristocracy after losing everything on his farm found a niche as a uniformed commissionaire in an institution, where he seemed happy at what we who knew him thought was his intellectual level. Much unhappiness is caused by round pegs finding themselves in square holes."

Greig records his conviction that "the sharp share of the breaking plough was disturbing the balance between the animal and plant life, which was the result of countless centuries of trial and error. It looked good at the time to cash in on the great stores of food material so long accumulated. We could not foresee that the great American Dust Bowl would impinge on much of southern Saskatchewan. The sections I helped to plough became ridges and hollows of brown dust, fences and roads disappeared, trees died, and even houses were buried, but that was long after."

In the middle of the summer John MacQueen brought out his wife and family to settle permanently at Carievale. The harvest was so late that the last stooks of the 400 acres of wheat were for a few days "mere mounds under the snow" but a spell of hot weather soon dried them out and the wheat harvest was much better than in the previous year. But prices of grain remained low and Greig decided that the prairie did not offer him the kind of living he wanted and that he could go home with an easy conscience now that MacQueen was settled on his farm which, incidentally, he sold later for $100,000 when times improved. So Greig sailed from New York in time to join his family at Christmas and to begin a fine career as an agricultural teacher and administrator.

Till the end of his days Robin Greig had always happy memories of his sojourn in Saskatchewan and he recorded them in these words: "Looking back now, I do not think that the great plains were monotonous after the first month or so. Even ploughing all day long, 18 miles a day, for weeks on end, did not seem dull. As Kipling's Yankee said 'not being an Englishman, I could always think' and the unbroken spaces were both soothing and uplifting. In later years I have felt the same uplift on the Russian steppes, the Australian back blocks, and the South African veldt. I have understood the native of the Shetland Islands who was visiting the fertile Lothian district in Scotland and remarked that it seemed to be a fine country, but was spoiled by trees.

"Perhaps I saw the country at its best." ◆

The upper picture is the drawing of Sah-neu-ti that appeared in Dall's book published in 1870, in which he is called Sakhniti. Below is A. H. Murray's sketch of the chief, then called Saveeah, in 1847. Murray remarked that the chief had his best face on and was mightily pleased with his appearance on paper.

SAH-NEU-TI

CHIEF OF THE YUKON

SAVEEAH, or Rays of the Sun, was the name by which this Yukon chief was first known to the white men. Like all his people, the young Kutchin had received at birth a single name which was bestowed for its aptness and had no connection with family, clan, or tribal divisions. From this name it seems that portents surrounding his birth must have been of a favourable nature.

On 28 June 1847, three days after his arrival at the junction of the Porcupine with the Yukon River, a site on which he proposed to build Fort Yukon, Alexander Hunter Murray heard a salute of gunfire from the river. Lest silence be taken for hostility, he quickly ordered his men to return the salute. The party, consisting of eighteen persons, landed, and forming a chain, with the chief and his men in front and the women and children to the rear, danced forward by degrees until they were in front of the white man's camp. A party of Kutchin, already present, joined them to form a large circle with the chiefs in the centre and danced before the visitors for half an hour without ceasing. This may have been

the occasion on which Murray saw the central figures squatting to perform that body-racking dance of the Cossacks which seems to have been known from south-eastern Russia to Tibet, and of which he afterwards made his famous drawing. Thus the young chief introduced himself to the men of the Hudson's Bay Company.

Saveeah was a fine looking young man, easily distinguished from his companions by the three eagle feathers he wore at the back of his head, and by the profusion of beads and shells on his tunic and trousers. Though these were the first white men the Yukon Indians had seen, they had already received guns and beads through indirect trade with the Russians.

Well knowing that he was encroaching on Russian territory, Murray seized the opportunity of addressing the assembly on the hopes and interests of the Hudson's Bay Company—interspersing his remarks with many warnings against the Russian traders. The white man appears not to have appreciated the figurative oratory of the Kutchin and described Saveeah's reply as the longest speech to which he had ever listened "except, perhaps, a cameronian sermon."

aged chief that appears in *Alaska and its Resources* by W. H. Dall who was in Alaska in 1866-68. In this book Sah-neu-ti's people are described as being better supplied with guns, clothing, and tents, and as much cleaner than any other bands the men of the expedition had seen.

In the interval between 1847 and 1866, Sah-neu-ti must have shown himself as a ruthless leader, allowing no one to stand in the way of his interests. One member of the expedition describes him as having eighteen wives, hands bloody with repeated and atrocious murders, and with no knowledge of right and wrong though he could sing hymns as sweetly as any. We see though that he had given up his distinctive native costume for European dress over which he wore an embroidered blue blanket.

Although the Yukon chief had come under the influence of the Anglican missionaries, he had not yet given up the custom of polygamous marriage. In the Kutchin family, just as in the case of all the Turco-Mongol and Central Asian peoples who had come under Chinese influence, the first wife occupied the position of honour, and directed all the work of the household including that of her lord's other wives, and children.

KUTCHIN

BY ETHEL STEWART

After four years at Fort McPherson and a thesis on the culture of the region, Miss Stewart is doing further research on a Canada Council grant.

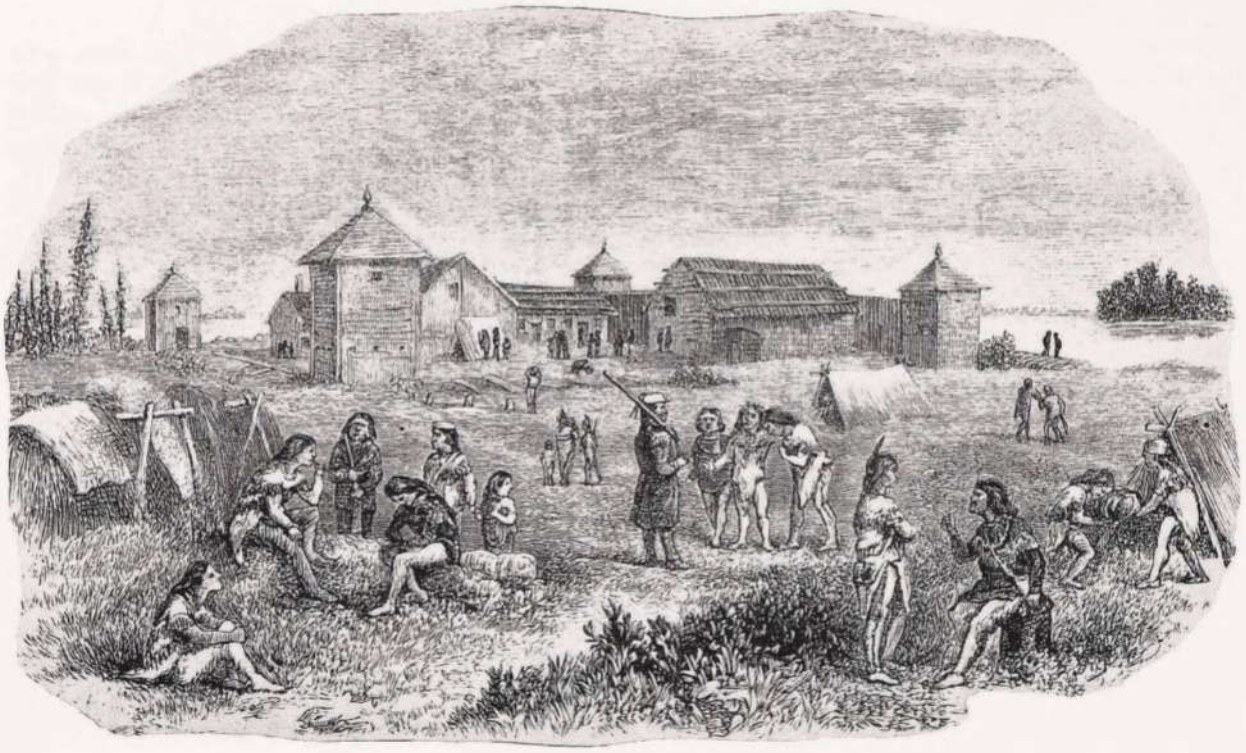
Murray comments in his journal on Saveeah's ability as a hunter saying that he had brought in more meat and fur than any other—a sure indication of the quality of leadership which gave this chief his enduring influence among the men of his world.

The intermittent glimpses we have of Saveeah reveal also the changing fortunes of the Hudson's Bay Company in the Northwest. In the 1860s we hear of him again from the Russian American Telegraph Expedition and the surveying party which soon would request the withdrawal of the British Company from Fort Yukon, now situated in American Alaska. Saveeah then had a new name Sah-neu-ti, from which we know that he was a father. Like the Arabs, Kutchin parents, upon the birth of their first child, discarded their former names and were henceforth known, as in this case, where the child's name was Sah-neu, as Sah-neu's father, Sah-neu-ti, and Sah-neu's mother, Sah-neu-behan. The name commonly used for him by Europeans, Senatee, was a corruption of his new title. To Mr. F. J. Whymper, artist with the American expedition, we owe the picture of the middle-

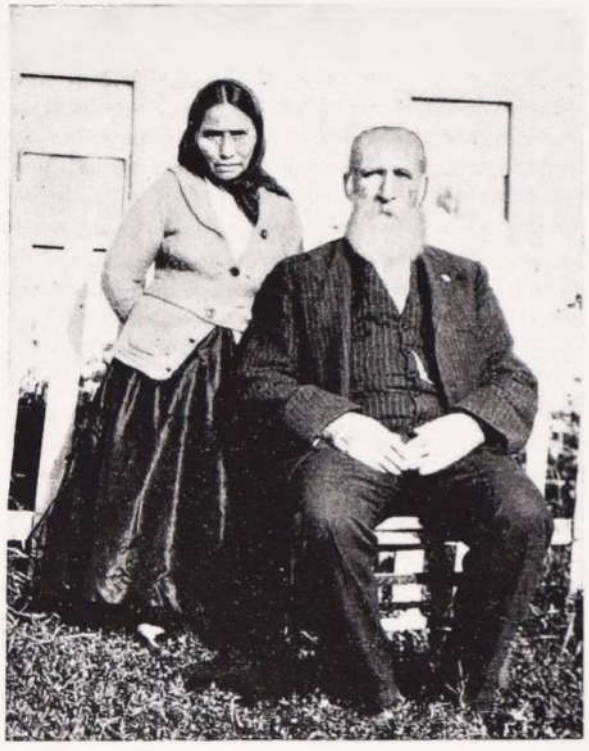
In this connection we have in 1885, a tale from Rampart House, where John Firth was then in charge. One day Sah-neu-ti, now a man of about sixty years arrived at Rampart House bent on taking as his latest wife a beautiful young Kutchin woman residing there. His influence even then was such that both his own people and the white trader hesitated to oppose him. But since Sah-neu-ti did not please the young woman as a prospective husband, she and her family appealed to John Firth for help.

While the Chief attended a great feast given in his honour, several figures stealthily hastened down the riverbank and swiftly sped away upstream. When Sah-neu-ti arrived that evening at the lodge of his intended bride, he was enraged to find that she had gone, and gave orders to this men to prepare at once to bring her back.

At this point John Firth mentioned to the old chief that the Company men were preparing a grand farewell celebration in his honour for the next day, a send-off fitting for so great a chief. Sah-neu-ti was impressed. Could he go after a woman when the white man was



Fort Yukon in 1867, drawn by F. J. Whymper. Except for the river side, the palisades round the H B C post were then down.



John Firth and his wife, who knew Sah-neu-ti at Rampart House.

preparing to honour him before all his people? It was, perhaps, balm to this waning sense of importance; he agreed to wait, and next day took his departure amidst gunfire, the beating of drums, and the "God Bless You's" of the whole population of the post assembled on the bank to cheer him on his way. When it was ascertained that he was far from the vicinity, the young woman and her family returned to Rampart House. It was shortly after this episode that the missionary, Robert McDonald, at last persuaded Sah-neu-ti to give up all of his wives but one, and to be married to her with Christian rites.

In 1888, the McConnell survey party stopped at Sah-neu-ti's camp on the Yukon. McConnell spoke of him as the most powerful chief of the Yukon country, though somewhat shorn of his once absolute authority by the increasing control of the American Fur Company. Sah-neu-ti seems to have retained his old loyalty to the Hudson's Bay Company, however. Pointing to an American blanket he exclaimed, "No good," and then caressing the fine quality woollen blanket purchased from the Hudson's Bay Company, he remarked, "Good."

Sah-neu-ti died at Fort Yukon in 1900 and was buried in the little churchyard there—the last Kutchin chief to exercise real power over his people. ◆

NORTHERN BOOKS

THE ESKIMOS

by Kaj Birket-Smith

Ryerson Press, Toronto. 232 pages.
$6.50

Reviewed by Graham W. Rowley

THE ESKIMOS by Dr. K. Birket-Smith is not just another book about the Eskimos; it is a new edition of *the* book about the Eskimos. More books have been written about this race than about any other primitive people, but almost all are specialized and deal with some group or with some particular aspect of their lives. In *The Eskimos* Dr. Birket-Smith, drawing from all significant sources and on his own widespread experience both as an ethnologist and as one who has lived and travelled with the Eskimos, has written a clear and balanced account of their characteristics, their life, and their history. All Eskimo tribes are included and their differences and relationships described and explained. It is a work of great scholarship, as interesting to the expert as it is to the casual reader, and like most books written by masters of their subjects it is refreshingly free from technical jargon.

The first English edition appeared in 1936. This new edition has been revised quite extensively, though there are several signs of its earlier origin. No longer can the inland Eskimos in the District of Keewatin rely on the great caribou herds for their livelihood, and it is now many years since the killing of female children among the Netsilik group has been so common that a girl not betrothed at her birth was usually doomed.

There are of course a number of points on which all would not agree with Dr. Birket-Smith's views. In particular there is increasing evidence that the Caribou Eskimos do not represent the last remnant of the original culture from which other Eskimo cultures evolved, and the difference between the Eskimos of the Thule culture and the Central Arctic tribes may not be as great as he believes. As Dr. Birket-Smith says however, "the full answer can only be given by archaeological finds in the future."

Dr. Birket-Smith also seems unduly critical of the Hudson's Bay Company. He states for instance that in the middle of the eighteenth century the company offered Captain Middleton a bribe of £5,000 not to discover the Northwest Passage. Arthur Dobbs certainly accused the Company of this, but in his recent biography of Dobbs, David Clarke implies that this charge was one of several made in an attempt to discredit Middleton and that the charges were not substantiated. Dr. Birket-Smith also criticizes the Company for encouraging the Eskimos to trap rather than hunt. It could well be argued that the Canadian Eskimos would have fared far worse had the Company not stepped in to fill the vacuum left by the whalers.

In Canada there is at present a growing interest in the Eskimos. Much has been written about them recently but a large proportion is ill-informed or based on very limited knowledge. It is most timely that such an authoritative and accurate book as *The Eskimos*, which has been out of print for some years, should again be available.

Dr. Rowley, whose personal experience of the Arctic is extensive, is secretary to the Advisory Committee for Northern Development at Ottawa.

THE CANADIAN NORTHWEST: ITS POTENTIALITIES

Symposium presented to the Royal Society of Canada in 1958

Edited by Frank H. Underhill, University of Toronto Press. 104 pages.
$4.00.

Reviewed by J. Lewis Robinson

FIFTEEN years ago I learned a great deal about the Canadian Northwest while working in Ottawa in the office adjoining that of Mr. R. K. Odell who was administering the Canadian part of the North Pacific Planning Project under the direction of Dr. Charles Camsell. One of the results of this project was a book *Canada's New Northwest—A Study of Present and Future Development*, published in 1947 and on which I assisted with some of the editing. This 1947 summary of the environment and resources of the Northwest was the first useful booklet on the place of Northwestern Canada in our national economy. It is referred to frequently by the authors of the newest symposium which brings up-to-date some of our accumulating knowledge concerning the problems and potential of Northwestern Canada.

The papers were presented to a meeting of the Royal Society of Canada in Edmonton in 1958. Their publication had certain disadvantages which are recognized by the editor in his preface. There is a great deal of repetition of factual information, particularly those facts describing present resource development, which is the result of the papers being prepared independently; the area is not uniformly defined by all authors, which could have been done if there had been prior consultation among them; there is emphasis on the economic, or resource development, to the detriment of particular attention to peoples and social aspects. Such criticism is the result of the method of presentation and publication, and does not reflect the high level of article which each chapter presents. The symposium does mean, however, that the *integrated* description and consideration of the environment and resources of the Canadian Northwest, based on the great deal of new information of the past 15 years, has not yet been written.

The individual chapters of the book are worthy of reading by all Canadians interested in the resource future of this large part of Canada, which includes northern British Columbia and Alberta, as well as the Yukon and western part of the Northwest Territories. The longest chapter, on Minerals and Fuels, 26 pages, by A. H. Lang and R. J. W. Douglas, of the Canadian Geological Survey, is an excellent description of the geology of the region, a history of mining activity, and a reasoned consideration of the economic problem of future mining expansion. A shorter chapter by Professor D. S. Rawson, University of Saskatchewan, has brief notes on the biological resources of soils, forests, game, fur, fish and other wildlife. Dr. Robert Legget,

of the National Research Council, presents a sound chapter which discusses the engineering problems of northern development in an environment which is different from certain southern Canadian resource developments. Dr. William Wonders, Head of the Geography Department at the University of Alberta, deals with the areal distribution of resources in relation to Canadian economy and also compares development with that of the northern Soviet Union.

The "Resources Future" is discussed by Dr. David Turner, of the B.C. Department of Recreation and Conservation, but suffers by being placed after the other chapters where the repetitive aspects of the resource facts have become somewhat tiring to the reader. Canadians should listen carefully to Turner's warning that a future which depends only on non-renewable resources, such as mining, is not as bright in the long run as a future where the renewable resources of "air, sunshine, soil and water" are developed.

The final chapter by Professor M. Zaslow, Department of History, University of Toronto, describes the fight for and progress towards self-government in the Northwest Territories. It is a useful addition to Canadian History which has usually dealt only with this topic in the growth of government in the provinces, but the chapter seems out of place and by itself compared with the others which stress natural resources and practical economic problems.

Professor Robinson, head of the Department of Geography at the University of British Columbia, has made a long-term study of northern resources.

CANADA HANDBOOK 1959

Queen's Printer, Ottawa.
317 pages. $1.00.

STATISTICS have a tendency to be dry, but they can be taken sugar-coated in the Handbook published every year by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics under the editorship of Margaret Pink.

Beginning with an excellent historical summary on "Canada and Canadians" each section has a well written introduction. Statistics are sprinkled lightly through the text, enough tables are included to make the book a useful reference, and the whole is embellished with a multitude of interesting photographs, in black and white, and colour, and rounded off with a map. Every phase of the Canadian economy is covered, from forestry and manufactures to education and the arts and though this is officially a factual survey it is good reading and surely the best dollar's-worth about Canada obtainable.—*M.B.*

AIRBORNE FROM EDMONTON

by Eugenie Louise Myles

Ryerson Press, Toronto. 272 pages.
$5.00.

Reviewed by Frank H. Ellis

SINCE the end of World War II, there has been a growing public interest in Canadian aviation history, and it is undoubtedly this demand which has prompted a number of writers to produce book-length manuscripts on the subject.

This year has been a good one for the publication of such works, the Golden Anniversary of the first aeroplane flight in Canada having stirred interest in the fine tradition Canada holds in the air. To my knowledge, at least four books on the subject have been published in 1959, the author of one being Mrs. Eugenie Louise Myles, of Edmonton.

Her book, with its well chosen title, contains a wealth of delightfully written episodes relating to the pilots, engineers, and the aeroplanes, whose combined efforts, together with foresighted officials, were responsible for the development of what may be termed a "cow pasture" at the Alberta capital, into one of the foremost air centres in Canada.

From existing records, and from individuals still living, who actually helped to form Edmonton's wonderful air history, Mrs. Myles has painstakingly gathered the full story, and has turned out a splendid book, containing much hitherto unpublished information connected with flying at Edmonton, and some of the previously unpublished pictures in the book are of great historical value.

A clever and very interesting writer, Mrs. Myles has drawn upon an author's licence in filling in some of the conversational episodes which took place between individuals involved, and her keen grasp of the subject and her accurate treatment are proof of her writing skill. There is no doubt in the reader's mind that the conversations used are as near to the original words as can now be traced.

For a woman writer, and a non-pilot, probably little versed in aviation topics until she began to put *Airborne from Edmonton* into word form, she has done an especially fine job. I hope that with such a good start on the subject, her ambition will urge her on to continue such research, with a view to a series, based on other centres such as Winnipeg and Montreal, before time obliterates the many facts that have not yet been recorded.

In all writings of history, mistakes invariably creep in, as I know full well, having suffered the humiliating fact in respect to research I have done. The few that show up in *Airborne from Edmonton*, do not mar it as a well written book, and except from a methodical historian's point of view, such errors will pass unnoticed by the average reader. They detract nothing from the work as a whole, or its value as a tribute to the fine men, who lived and died in connection with their flying and helped to make Edmonton the great air centre it is today.

Airborne from Edmonton is primarily the story of flying to and from the Alberta capital, but actually it is much more than that. It is the story of Canadian pilots and engineers, and as such it deserves widespread recognition not only from the people of Edmonton but from all Canadians who have the slightest interest in aviation.

Frank Ellis, himself one of Canada's early pilots, has for many years been collecting and writing about aviation history.

THE BIRDS OF THE SASKATCHEWAN RIVER

Carlton to Cumberland

By C. Stuart Houston and Maurice G. Street

Saskatchewan Natural History Society
205 pages. $1.50.

Reviewed by R. W. Sutton

A CERTAIN professor of ornithology has for years threatened his students with failure if they dared to submit, as part of a thesis, an annotated list of the birds of any area. It seems that whenever a student ornithologist finds himself fifty miles from home, he can hardly wait to publish an account of the species noted during his trip. As a result, check lists of birds hit print with monotonous regularity and unfailing monotony. True, the annotated check list has its place. Like the telephone directory it is a useful source of information, but it leaves little scope for real research, let alone literary style.

What a pleasure, then, to take up *The Birds of the Saskatchewan River* and find it to be not only an accurate check list, but a thoroughly fascinating historical account.

The area dealt with embraces the North Saskatchewan River from old Carlton House eastward and northward to Cumberland House, an airline distance of some 200 miles in which the open parkland of the Transition Zone merges with the spruce-muskeg country of the Canadian Zone. In preparing these notes, the senior author has performed a remarkable piece of research into the natural history of the region as seen by early chroniclers of the Hudson's Bay Company. Not only does he present excellent biographical sketches of such explorer-naturalists

Edmonton in 1884; smoke rising from the saw and grist mill, palisade of H B C fort on extreme right.
Ernest Brown Coll., Alberta Govt.

as Hearne, Richardson, Franklin, Drummond, etc., but in his "Account of Species" the notes of these men (dating back as far as 1774), are skilfully interwoven with recent accounts of modern observers.

Of these, the notes of both authors are a fine example of the work that can be accomplished by dedicated amateurs—if "amateur" be the word for work of such professional calibre.

As the title indicates, this book is limited in scope, and does not presume to be a general handbook. It will, however, be of real service to any bird student. More important, Dr. Houston's remarkable job of historical research has produced that rarest of all check lists,—one that is eminently readable.

Mr. Sutton is director of the Manitoba Museum and a keen naturalist.

I WAS NO LADY

by Jean W. Godsell

Ryerson Press, Toronto. 212 pages. $4.95

Reviewed by H. S. M. Kemp

THIS is no juvenile book. Neither is it, as we had hoped from its author and its jacket, a day-by-day account of the experiences of a trader's wife in the Subarctic. It contains splashes of local colour—the primordial forest, howling huskies and buckskin-clad trappers and traders—but it is neither a broad canvas nor an intimate study of the North itself. What Mrs. Godsell has given us is a *Who was Who* of the Mackenzie River, an over-the-teacups dissertation on the characters she rubbed shoulders with in that region in the 1920s. The author has admittedly—and perhaps mercifully—endeavoured to draw the cloak of anonymity over many of these characters, but she may not have been altogether successful. If authorship is in truth the holding up of the mirror to life and these good people had prayed for the gift to see themselves as others saw them, here now is their chance. Old Mackenzie hands and their wives—particularly their wives—should receive considerable stimulation from this book. It should produce a lot of comment.

Mr. Kemp and his family have many years personal experience of life in small trading posts in the North.

EDMONTON FORT - HOUSE - FACTORY

by George Heath MacDonald

The Douglas Printing Co., Edmonton. 236 pages. $14.00.

Reviewed by R. C. Russell

THIS book deals with the history of Edmonton from its inception as a fur-trading post in 1795 to its emergence as a budding town at the beginning of the present century. Interesting descriptions are given of many of the men who laboured there during that period and of the problems which they had to face. Prominent among their leaders were Angus Shaw, William Tomison, John Rowand, William Christie, Richard Hardisty and Frank Oliver. During this same period many noted explorers, missionaries and travellers passed through Edmonton or found temporary shelter and assistance within its walls.

A gradual transition in the means of transport by which goods and furs were carried to or from the fort is shown. Starting with the bark canoes of the earliest period, we see York boats, Red River carts, river steamboats and finally the railways successively taking over these functions.

The outstanding feature of the book is its wealth of excellent historical photographs. These show the Hudson's Bay Company's fort at different times and also some of the men connected with the fur trade in that region as well as some of the important visitors. The photographs are supplemented by reproductions of early drawings showing the actual plans of the establishment. A considerable quantity of private correspondence, mainly from the pens of Richard Hardisty, Donald A. Smith and George McDougall, written between 1873 and 1887, is included. The effects, on the development of Edmonton, of the change in the route of the first Canadian transcontinental railway, the Riel rebellion, and the Yukon gold rush are discussed.

The text of this book has evident weaknesses in organization and style and the author appears to be unfamiliar with the route followed by the direct overland trail from Fort Garry to Edmonton. However, these flaws do not detract too much from the value of the work as a history of this important centre of Canadian life.

Research into the history of the west has for many years been the hobby of R. C. Russell whose vocation is scientific research in the agricultural field.

PAYEPOT AND HIS PEOPLE

by Abel Watetch
as told to Blodwen Davies

The Saskatchewan History and Folklore Society, 1630 Cowan Crescent, Regina. 66 pages. $1.00.

Reviewed by S. A. Hewitson

AFTER reading this small booklet the reviewer went to several libraries looking for more information on Chief Payepot but material on this remarkable man is difficult to find.

Payepot was a Cree Chief who died in 1908 at the age of 92 having lived most

of his life in the beautiful valley of the Qu'Appelle. Here was a great warrior, a man of integrity, and a linguist who spoke five Indian languages.

In 1875 Payepot, along with four other Chiefs, surrendered their lands to the Government of Canada. The transitional period was not an easy one. Then ten years later came the 1885 skirmish and after an all-night session—The Night of the Long Smoke—with an officer of the North West Mounted Police Payepot said he would not fight against the Government. The decision is understandable for this man taught his people one of the basic commandments of life—"Love One Another My Children." Therefore, one wonders why he was called a "Pagan Chief." Certainly he resisted the teachings of a missionary—not because he thought the religion was wrong, but because he had his own.

The chapters on the Rain Dance are particularly interesting. In them you find all the excitement and tension of this symbolic ritual—the dancers with their mesmeric movements, the ceremonial rattles and the haunting music of the drums.

It is unfortunate that more is not known about Chief Payepot but we are grateful to Abel Watetch (Payepot's nephew) and Miss Davies for having what information is available taped and published while the spirit of Payepot still lives in the Valley of the Qu'Appelle.

Miss Hewitson is librarian at Hudson's Bay House.

IN CANADIAN SKIES

by Frank H. Ellis

Ryerson Press, Toronto. 230 pages. $5.00

Reviewed by H. S. M. Kemp

DOWN through the years, on the Canadian scene, certain aircraft and certain air-exploits have stood out from among the rest. This has been due to some inherent virtue in the aircraft concerned, or because of a particular feat carried out by the pilot and crew. It is to honour these men and machines that Frank Ellis has collected the facts concerned and brought them out in this interesting book.

Author Ellis is well fitted for the job. He has been connected with Canadian aviation from its earliest days, having taught himself to fly in a plane that he and his partner, Tom Blakely, built in Calgary prior to 1914. He saw service with the R.F.C., later the R.A.F., in World War I, and by making an inaugural flight from Winnipeg to The Pas with another pilot and passenger in 1920 became one of the earliest of Canada's bush-pilots. He also holds the distinction of being the first Canadian to make a parachute descent in Canada. This came on 5th July 1919, when he stepped off the wing of an old Curtiss "Jenny" two-seater 1,800 feet above the waters of Lake Erie, apparently to test whether or not he and his partner had correctly packed a parachute left in their care by an American who had used the 'chute in a demonstration jump a few days before. Clad in a swim-suit and a rubber tire as a "Mae West," Ellis gave the holiday-makers at Crystal Beach a decided thrill, but he confesses the greater thrill was his when, at the moment of the drop, the 'chute opened and he found that the packing of the thing had been a success.

The book is chronological, illustrated with sixty photographic reproductions, and is, fortunately, put together with no attempt at dramatics or "colourful" writing The reader will appreciate the tremendous amount of research that has gone into its pages; and Canada as a whole is indebted to Frank Ellis for gathering together his data before it passed into oblivion. In the gathering of it he has produced something that will appeal to the air-minded and the earthling alike.

Northern trader, and then author, Mr. Kemp is known to many for his broadcast book reviews.

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SPEAKING OF CANADA

by Vincent Massey

Macmillan, Toronto. 244 pages. $5.00

THE spoken words of Mr. Massey read well. Only occasionally is the reader conscious that print was not the chosen medium for this collection of essays. Mr. Massey is a master of English (and French) and a wise man, and it is well that words of wisdom, particularly when they are wittily presented, should be preserved. They may then be read, re-read, and assimilated, and by far more people than those originally addressed, as in this selection of speeches made during his term as Governor-General.

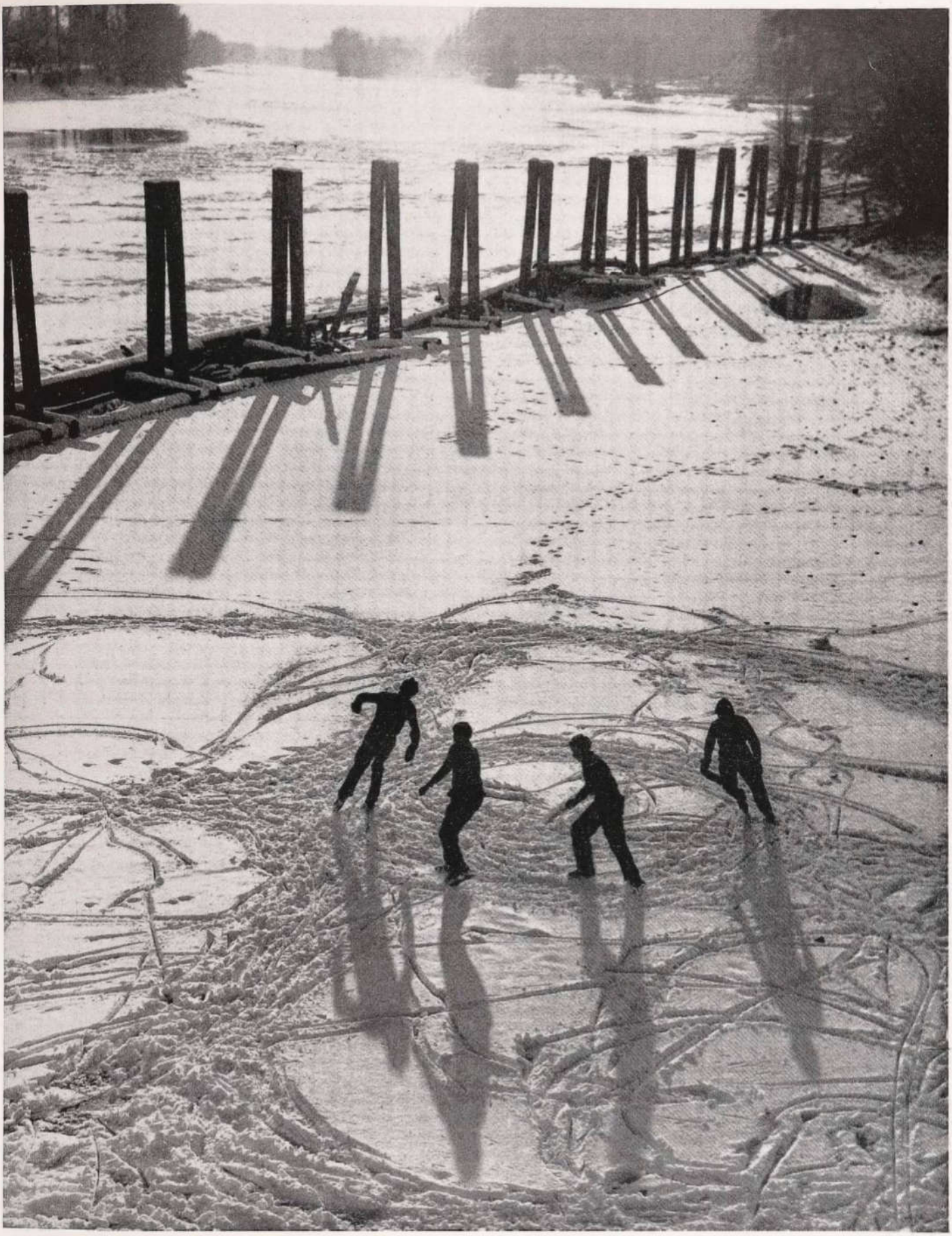
A governor-general is called upon to speak to many groups in many places and this collection covers a wide range of topics. One is profoundly impressed by the amount of study and reflection behind the informed talks on specialized subjects given to such diverse organizations as the Canada Club in London, women teachers, United States Congress, university gatherings, and medical, legal, publishing, tourist, and military associations. In every case the message is an individual one, there are often delightful and apt quotations or anecdotes, and frequently a challenge to stimulate thought or action—all spoken with a pleasing air of deference to the audience. Mr. Massey has witnessed Canada's rapid material growth and he feels that Canadians are now prepared to recognize the arts and letters as national activities, but he points out that our cities are not always exhibits of civic beauty and the face of our country has not always been treated kindly. He warns against the danger of permitting tolerance to fall into timid indifference. He urges the preservation of things of historical interest, and recommends a livening touch for Canadian history.

In all these speeches Mr. Massey is, of course, speaking within the limitations of his high office as, in his words, "a constitutionally cautious Governor-General." Nevertheless, he avoids the platitudinous and speaks with freshness and vigour. Let us hope that now he is once more a private citizen, Mr. Massey will, with greater freedom, give us more of his reflections on the varied aspects of Canadian life, of which he has seen so many facets.—M.B.

PEOPLE AND PLACES

by Margaret Mead

In the last issue we omitted to mention that Dr. Margaret Mead's article "The Eskimos" is a chapter from the above named book for young people published by The World Publishing Company, New York, this autumn.



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